THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. VIII. No. 179 (New Series) SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1934 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

AUG 7 1934

PERIODICAL ROOM GENERAL LIBRARY UNIV. OF MICH.

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 109
A PROGRAMME OF ACTION? 112
THE LATEST REVOLUTION IN SOVIET RUSSIA. By Beatrice L. King 113
A LONDON DIARY 114
THIS ENGLAND 115
THE REPORT OF THE KENYA LAND COMMISSION. By Norman Leys 116
LUXURY. By Y. Y. 116
HOT, AND BOTHERED. By MacFlecknoe 118
CORRESPONDENCE 118
From Sir E. Graham-Little M.P.; F. Pitcairn; Scottish Probation Officers; A Doctor; Margaret Wolf; Professor Julian S. Huxley; Connell and Ward; Your Correspondent; H. N. Brailsford; Antonia White; J. Gowlland.
COCKROACH AND ENTOMOLOGIST. By John Mifsud 120
THE MUSE AT MALVERN. By Ivor Brown . . . 121
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . Page 122
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 123
REVIEWS:
A Miner's Dream of Home. By Sean O'Casey . 124
André Gide 124
Coleridge. By Stephen Potter 125
Toleration. By Julian Bell 126
Bruce and Linklater. By Flora Grierson . . 126
Thrillers. By Donald Carswell 128
Civis Romanus Sum. By Richard Strachey . 130
Clothes and Furniture. By A. P. D. Penrose . 132
Playing at Soldiers. By K. John 133
SHORTER NOTICE 133
ABOUT MOTORING 133
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 134
CROSSWORD 136
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador . . . 138

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

ON Wednesday morning the world was reading of the summary execution of the young Socialist in Vienna and wondering at the Government's reluctance to deal boldly with the Nazi terrorists. Within a few hours the Nazis themselves were on the offensive, with a *Putsch* whose scenes would put any gangster film into the shade. In the course of the afternoon a handful of desperadoes held up the radio station, seized the Chancellery and its occupants, murdered Dr. Dolfuss, were surrounded by troops and police, bargained—through the mediation of the German Minister—for their escape into Germany, and then, since Berlin repudiated the bargain, found themselves under lock and key. We do not yet know enough about all the circumstances to say whether this was a desperate adventure, or a carefully prepared plot with a real promise of success. But it is no secret that sympathy with the Nazis is widespread in Austria, in all classes, in the public services, including the Heimwehr and the police, as well as among private citizens. Nor is there any doubt about the support, both material and moral, they have had from Germany.

The Results of the *Putsch*

The failure of the *Putsch* opens a new phase which we may expect to be not less but more difficult and dangerous both for Austria and for Europe. Dolfuss's successor will presumably take swift reprisals, and his efforts to destroy the Nazi movement are likely to have strong backing from abroad. Germany has lost no time in officially dissociating herself from the revolt, and the attitude of her more powerful neighbours, particularly Italy, which has inevitably been stiffened, should keep Hitler's ambitions within prudent limits. That the Powers will now be on the alert and prepared to put heavier pressure on Germany there can be no question, and with Italy, Czechoslovakia and France united to prevent anything savouring of an *Anschluss*, there would seem little likelihood of immediate international war. But there are dangers of many kinds in Austria itself. The dictatorship is not firm in the saddle; it is faced on the one side by the great body of Socialists, which it scotched but, fortunately, did not kill last February, and which since then it has further embittered; and on the other hand by the Nazis, whose suppression will be a task of immense difficulty. There is the possibility of civil war on a serious scale in Austria.

Lord Londonderry Asks for More

The Lords' debate last Monday on the increase in the Air Force did not show the "dangerous weakness of Britain in the air." It showed the dangerous capacity of Ministers for humbugging themselves and other people.

There is no good reason for this decision. We are not threatened with aggression from France, Russia, or the U.S.A., who have larger air armaments than we. Hopes of international agreement for a reduction or limitation of armaments had not irretrievably broken down; Lord Londonderry himself deprecated that suggestion. Why then plunge into this costly increase? Lord Londonderry professed to believe that it would actually prevent a race in armaments—a belief which is too absurd to be taken seriously. It will be in fact a direct encouragement to the re-armers in every country, and it is the direct sequel to the Government's policy of sabotaging the negotiations for an agreement on air disarmament. Lord Londonderry laments that unfortunately no international agreement has been reached; but he does not say that the British Government, which has made no constructive proposals of its own, but has only raised difficulties, is largely responsible for this unfortunate position.

Air Defence and Attack

But is this "modest programme" really necessary for our own defence against some hypothetical enemy? Presumably the hypothesis is France—though why or where France is supposed to be going to attack us, Heaven only knows! Mr. Baldwin assured us recently that it was folly to imagine we could defend our own shores by a strong air force. Lord Londonderry now suggests that it would be some, if not a complete, defence. But if the mock air raid on London at the time he was speaking proves anything, it proves how singularly weak the defence must be reckoned. And indeed the critics on his own right hand have stressed that; they are clamouring for the enlargement of the "modest programme," and before long they may succeed in pushing the Government into another fifty per cent. increase, as they have pushed it into this one. Whether they will win votes that way we are very doubtful; that they will not provide security we are certain. The only effective form of security is collective security, and if we and other nations are prepared to pool our strength, the existing British air force is an ample contribution. If each is to go on arming for itself, we shall squander money that we can ill spare, and increase rather than diminish the risk of war.

M. Doumergue Patches It Up

The French Prime Minister has settled his Cabinet crisis, or at least patched up the rent. He administered a reproof to M. Tardieu, who had caused all the trouble by attacking M. Chautemps, the Radical ex-Premier, before the Stavisky Commission. But he mixed jam with the powder—M. Tardieu "exceeded the limits," he says; at the same time M. Tardieu is, equally with M. Herriot, a pillar of the "Ministry of Truce and Settlement," and his proffered resignation cannot be accepted. The Radicals, bitterly as they resent the attack on M. Chautemps, have agreed to be reconciled to his assailant, for the moment at any rate. But their Party Congress in October will take cognisance of the matter, and a new crisis may result, with the chances of a break-up of the Ministry and a possible dissolution. The "truce" is, to be candid, an uneasy affair, and M. Doumergue's coalition Government, in which it is materialised, has disappointed hopes and lost its early popularity. It was to effect a thorough clean-up of the Stavisky scandals, to mete out justice swiftly and impartially, to make France feel decent and comfortable again. It is still far from the end of its task, and meanwhile it has given France another row.

The United Fronts

The Labour Party and the Trades Union Congress have rejected yet another proposal from the Communist Party to make a "united front" against Fascism and war. The occasion of this latest overture was the decision of the French Socialist Party to enter into an alliance with the French Communists. But there is no real analogy. The French Communist Party is a powerful and important body, with a substantial working-class following and a not negligible Trade Union movement of its own. Working-class unity is impossible in France, unless Socialists and Communists can contrive to work together. Moreover, it seems clear that the new friendly relations between France and the U.S.S.R. have reacted—perhaps under orders from Moscow—on the attitude of the French Communists, who seem to be taking a quite reasonable line in the negotiations. Here the position is different. The Communists are only a handful, with very little electoral support and no Trade Unions of their own, and the Fascist danger which has driven Socialists, Communists and Left intellectuals into one camp in France is not here sufficiently menacing to make official Labour dream of joining forces with a small body of avowed opponents. For the moment, Sir Oswald's stock is down, and there is said to be a good prospect that the all-party conversations may lead to the prohibition of political uniforms. All this is excellent, provided that official Labour is not under the illusion that the only—or the most important—menace to freedom comes from avowed Fascists; and as long as it is ready with that challenging and clear-sighted leadership without which it cannot retain a "united front" within its own ranks. On the issue of war it has to convince a large body of its followers that in rejecting the general strike it is not playing its opponents' game, and that it means what it says when it declares that it is the duty of the citizen to refuse to support any future "nationalist" war.

Wages in Germany

The average wage of a German worker, according to the recent official census conducted by the Nazi Labour Front, is 26¼ reichsmarks per week. This average includes all workers, of both sexes and at all ages; and there is no separate information about men and women, or adults and juveniles. There are, however, more details about the position last September in the textile trades. The gross weekly earnings of skilled male cotton spinners were then RM.32 per week, and of women weavers RM.25¾. In the woollen industry male spinners got only RM.26.6, and women spinners RM.20. For the textile industries as a whole the average wage was just over RM.26½, whereas the more recent census of the Labour Front makes it only RM.21½. These figures all relate to weekly earnings, and are therefore affected by the prevalence of short time. As the cost of living, on account of high protection, is now greater than in 1932 or 1933, whereas wages are falling, the exceedingly low standard of life which these earnings involve can readily be seen. The Nazis have succeeded in reducing un-

employment; but they have done so at the cost of cutting down wages to a miserable level and spreading the work thinly over a larger body of workers, as well as by discharging women and counting workers in the Labour Camps or enrolled in the various political armies as employed. The fuller figures from which these citations are taken are to be found in the current *Ministry of Labour Gazette*.

Where is the Beef Subsidy Going?

The Cattle Industry Bill with its £3,000,000 subsidy to beef producers went through the House of Commons on Tuesday. It was attacked in trenchant speeches by Mr. Rhys Davies and Mr. Wilmot, and defended by the Minister of Agriculture with his usual ingenuity. The best that can honestly be said for the Bill is that it is a makeshift. But it is a poor makeshift; for the vast sum of public money which will be dispensed under it is not all going into the pockets of the unfortunate British farmer. A great part of it is going, as Mr. Wilmot put it, "to maintain the unjustifiable profits of those who prey on this industry, the middlemen." Mr. Elliot made some smart debating points, but he did not dispose of this charge. He scoffed at the idea of some "highly organised trust wringing profits out of the industry," and suggested that "the difficulties of the distribution of home-killed meat . . . show the faults of small businesses," and that "there is inevitably some waste." There is, indeed, a great deal of "waste"; whether it is inevitable is another matter. But the immediate question (to which most of us would like Mr. Elliot to give a plain answer if he can) is who exactly it is between the farmer and the shopkeeper that has been "sucking away the difference between profit and loss," and is going to get a handsome share of this £3,000,000 subsidy.

Re-planning London

The London County Council has passed the Labour scheme for opening up the south bank of the Thames, which appears as the first instalment of ambitious town planning projects contemplated by Mr. Herbert Morrison and his colleagues. The next stage will have to be a Bill for the acquisition of the land necessary for the scheme; and it is undoubtedly the right policy for the L.C.C. to acquire the freehold of all land within the scheduled area, in order to have full freedom in re-planning it as a coherent whole. The Opposition on the Council moved an amendment to the scheme, but it is significant that their line was to ask for more and not less. They wanted to put the Charing Cross Bridge back into the project, to increase the area to be taken over, and to ask Parliament for still more extensive powers. Mr. Morrison rightly rejected this specious proposal. He will have enough trouble to get Parliament to give him the powers he is now demanding, without stirring up the old Charing Cross controversy more than he need at the present stage. By far his best course is to go to Parliament for the powers he really wants at once. Before long, he may be able to get much more extensive powers on more favourable terms from a less unfriendly House of Commons. Meanwhile, it is excellent that the Labour majority on the L.C.C. is making so prompt a beginning with the re-planning of the Metropolis.

The Stavsky Case

The Supreme Court of Palestine has quashed the judgment of the Court of Assize in Palestine convicting one Stavsky of complicity in the murder of Dr. Arlosoroff. This case for more than a year has poisoned the public life of Palestine Jewry. In June, 1933, Dr. Arlosoroff, the leader of the Labour Party and the head of the Jewish Agency, was shot while walking at night with his wife on the beach at Tel Aviv. Two men had accosted them; one flashed a light, the other shot. The widow described the assailants, and Stavsky and another were arrested and dramatically identified by her. They were both members of the Revisionist Party, which has conducted a bitter feud both with the Labour Party and with the official Zionist Organisation, because of what they regard as its weak policy towards the Palestine Administration. It was suspected that the crime was political; and a third Revisionist, the head of the extremest wing of an extreme section, was arrested on the charge of having instigated the murder. After protracted proceedings before the magistrate, the three were committed for trial. The Court, composed of two British and one Arab and one Jewish judge, dismissed the charge against the instigator, convicted Stavsky (the Jewish judge dissenting) and acquitted the other accused on the ground that there was not material evidence to corroborate the identification by the widow. On appeal the Supreme Court has now found that in Stavsky's case also there was not sufficient material corroboration. The Palestine law of evidence, unlike the English, does not permit of conviction in a criminal case on the evidence of a single witness; and the appellate court disagreed with the court of trial as to the sufficiency of the circumstantial evidence. Jewish feeling has been deeply stirred by the trial; and when the verdict was given there was an extraordinary outburst by lay and spiritual leaders appealing to the world to prevent the shedding of innocent blood. It might have been hoped that the final judgment would have allayed party passion; but an incident in the Synagogue in Tel Aviv on the Sabbath following showed that feeling still runs high.

Biology and Politics

The B.M.A. Conference has again been discussing abortion. This time the doctors have got as far as agreeing to give evidence before a Committee, if the Government should appoint one. They rightly pointed out that the problem is primarily social and political, not medical. At the moment we can hardly expect a lead from the Ministry of Health, though we welcome recent signs of improvement even there; the Ministry has issued a new Circular extending the conditions on which local authorities may give contraceptive information. But the conditions are still too restricted, nor is there any means of compelling local authorities to act up to them. Until contraceptive information is universally obtainable, the hidden traffic in illegal operations will continue, and thousands of pregnant women every year will continue to risk extortion, misery and death at the hands of quacks. It took most of the nineteenth century to win acceptance for biology in religion; it may take most of the twentieth to get it recognition in politics. But it will come.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 *Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.*1. *The postage on this issue is: Inland,* 1*d.; Foreign,* 1½*d.; Canada,* 1*d.*

A PROGRAMME OF ACTION?

A POLITICAL novice reading Labour's new programme *Socialism and Peace* might think that all was gas and gaiters in the Labour Party. For what evidence is there of the internal feuds so freely announced in the Conservative press? What has the Socialist League ever said (as distinct from what it is said to have said on the basis of odd remarks by individual members) which is not somewhere or other to be found in this new official programme presented by the Executive of the Party for discussion at the Annual Conference at Southport in October? The frontal attack on the banks, the speedy socialisation of several key industries, the reform of House of Commons procedure and the abolition of the House of Lords—they are all included. It is true that the question of the Lords is treated a little more tactfully in the official programme than in Socialist League publications, but the difference is not very substantial. "The Labour Party, given a majority," says *Socialism and Peace*, "would interpret the mandate as conferring upon it the right, particularly if the House of Lords seeks to wreck its essential measures, forthwith to proceed to the abolition of that chamber." There is nothing to split about here; clearly the important point is the mandate at the next election to abolish the Lords, not a pronouncement that it necessarily will be abolished as the first item on the programme, irrespective of circumstances. No, on paper Labour at Southport should find itself a united and enthusiastic party pressing on to Socialism.

There is no cause for surprise at this. No Labour leader would dare to say he was not a Socialist, and the more advanced policies can usually make their way into the *omnium gatherum* of a Labour Manifesto. For that is what *Socialism and Peace* is—a manifesto. It emphatically is not what it calls itself, a "programme of action." Given that Labour conferences must have manifestos to discuss, this particular specimen is rather rhetorical, but by no means bad. It represents a general policy and an attitude to foreign and home affairs which an immense number of people, probably the majority of the electorate, approve in principle, even when they remain sceptical about practice. To-day it is only the older generation—and part of that—which is shocked by propositions about placing the banks and basic industries under public ownership and which regards the obstructive powers of the House of Lords and the ancient procedure of the House of Commons as sacrosanct. The potential numbers of what we have called "the revolutionary middle-class" are very large to-day. People are prepared for change. To-day they welcome any politician who shows energy, whether in a good direction or a bad. Their criticism of Parliament is that it is hopelessly slow. Mr. Elliot has won general applause for the assumption of powers which a few years ago would have been considered outrageous, and which in fact go much farther than any demanded by Sir Stafford Cripps. (Sir Stafford indeed has often said, without as a rule being reported, that he considers the present use of Orders in Council too arbitrary; he advocates a reform in parliamentary procedure which would give the private member more to do, enable the House to get through more business, and retain a more genuine supervision of administrative orders.) No, the Labour leaders' problem is not to convince people of the necessity of change, but to show that when they profess Socialism they know what they mean, and have a plan of action which they are themselves capable of carrying through.

Now it is here that there is room for doubt, and it is because *Socialism and Peace* does not successfully remove that doubt that there is likely, even on the basis of so definitely socialistic a document as *Socialism and Peace*, to be division at Southport. For the rank and file remembers that Mr. MacDonald and Lord Snowden once professed to be excellent Socialists. They notice, too, that *Socialism and Peace* raises smiles rather than alarm in the Conservative press. They know the reason. General statements of Socialist intentions applied to all industries and all departments of life are not taken seriously. They say so much that they say nothing effectively. Labour Conferences before 1924 and 1929 had expressed Socialist aspirations and intentions, and the reason why Labour failed so dismally in the Governments that followed was not, as the usual excuse goes, because they were "minority governments," but because they had not made up their minds what they intended to do, and found when the test came that they were not really Socialist at all. They had always advocated nationalising the mines; their actual mines legislation did not even nationalise mining royalties. It was employers' legislation, less socialistic than that urged on them by the Liberals. What a difference of spirit it would have meant to the whole working-class movement to-day if the MacDonald Government of 1929 had carried, as it could have done in its early days, one piece of genuinely Socialist legislation, and if it had been defeated in attempting another! The division today is the same as the division then—it is not a division between "left" and "right," but a division between those who do not really, in any clear-headed and determined way, mean what they say, and those who may be defeated by circumstances and who may be only able to accomplish a fraction of what they want, but who do know what they want and fight to get as much of it as they can. A Socialist Prime Minister who accomplishes even a small instalment of genuine Socialism will have little difficulty with his Left Wing.

Everyone knows that Socialism cannot come in a day, and that the programme put forward in *Socialism and Peace* could not be carried out in its entirety within the lifetime of a single Government. A general manifesto which attempts to include what everyone wants is not the kind of election appeal which the times demand. They demand what *Socialism and Peace* calls itself—a programme of action. If the Labour Party wishes to alarm its opponents rather than its friends it will promptly issue a second document. That document should be short—short enough to be written on two sides of a sheet of notepaper. It will not contradict *Socialism and Peace*; it will select from it. It will select in accordance with "an order of priorities," not denying that this industry wants nationalising or that scheme wants carrying through, but showing what particular strongholds of capitalism it regards as vital and what particular key positions it intends to occupy the moment it gains a majority. Without such a plan of action the Labour appeal must be vague and unconvincing. With such a programme of action

it may infuse life and hope into disappointed workers and cynical voters. In quiet times the victory may go to those who produce the best manifestoes and promise the biggest benefits to the largest numbers. In critical times victory goes to the leader who convinces and the Party which most looks like business.

THE LATEST REVOLUTION IN SOVIET RUSSIA

"COMMUNIST education does not mean filling up the children's heads with political slogans such as 'class struggle, bourgeois enemy of society, ruthless capitalist,' etc." This was the parting sentence of the director of the Institute which trains Marxist psychologists for the universities, training colleges, for Party work and for industry, and which has just begun work on the Marxist psychology of art and literature. This was startling to say the least of it, particularly when he added that he was to lecture to teachers and parents on the subject of Communist education and would tell them what he had told me. Two years ago no one would have dreamt of questioning, at any rate in public, the desirability of filling, nay stuffing, the children's heads in this way. And the stuffing was usually highly seasoned and well spiced. All criticism was met with a *tu quoque*. In capitalist countries the education was just as much political, one was informed, but less obvious because capitalism was so long established. Now this director, and later the Vice-Commissar of education, talked seriously about the steps being taken to make education much less political and much more educational. Has there been another revolution in the U.S.S.R. unobserved and unheeded by any?

It almost appears so. But this must be a subtle revolution of the mind, unaccompanied by blood and thunder, so subtle and unobtrusive that the foreign correspondents have not noticed it. Or, again, it may merely be evolution, merely that the Communists are really "dialectical." It may be that it had always been the intention of those who are directing the fate of Soviet Russia to strive towards a greater freedom and a more rational attitude to intellectual and cultural life. Foreign students of the U.S.S.R. may have been deceived by the Russian habit of vehemently defending the thing of the moment, whether it be a mental attitude or a new building, not only as the best that is now, but as the best that will ever be. In any case, it is possible to discern some clear reasons for this change in outlook.

The first Five Year Plan has resulted in a great improvement in living conditions, in food, clothing, and housing. Some of the stress and strain from life has been removed. Belief in attack from outside, though still an article of faith, is receding. Add to this greatly improved means of defence—which was obvious to any who saw the May Day demonstration in Moscow—and we have yet another reason for the gradual disappearance of the tenseness, the narrowness, and the highly coloured political propaganda which was so characteristic of the whole of Soviet life. The U.S.S.R. is beginning to feel secure, to feel sure of itself. More important still, the new generation is just ready to relieve the Old Guard, and to take its share in the running of the country. This generation accepts the Communist ideology almost as a law of nature. It has had no experience of any other system, and contrary to the observation of some people it is as enthusiastic for the cause, as sure of its ability to build Communism, as sure of its country as it ever was. The claim made by the Communists that the whole of Moscow is building its underground can be substantiated. It means mostly the whole of youth. Presumably there are workers over twenty-one on the job, but they must take good care to keep out of sight. Most of the young men and women are volunteers, but not unpaid ones. The generation that is still at school, or only just beginning, will, if possible, take Communism even more for granted. Coupled with youth are its teachers and professors. Many of these are members of the Party, and all of them can now be trusted as loyal supporters of the present regime. Even the peasant woman who told a long tale about the difficulties of life in her village, and complained that, because there was much more milk now owing to the better feeding of cows, the price of milk had gone down and she was, therefore, getting less bread for her surplus milk, did not dream of a change in the form of government.

One of the most striking pieces of evidence of this slackening of the political rein was the invitation to Professor Laski to lecture at the Institute of Soviet Law in Moscow. It is not so many years ago that his name was anathema, and the suggestion that he should lecture anywhere in Russia would have been not merely deviationist, but counter-revolutionary. The cleansing of history and geography from utterly irrelevant and generally biased political matter is equally significant. Stalin and Molotov personally signed the decree which makes it incumbent upon all teachers henceforth to teach history in its chronological sequence, to regard facts and not political theorising as the important matter to be put before children, which states that geography lessons have consisted too much of statistics and economic theory and must not be so in future. If this is an earnest of the future, political propaganda in Soviet Russia will soon be as unobtrusive as in England. A visit to a nursery-infant school lends colour to this supposition. Gone were the blatant political posters. A picture of Lenin and Stalin, yes, but no wicked-looking Kulaks, or priests with fat paunches treading down the peasants. In their stead are pleasantly executed pictures of animals and scenes, and, in this particular part of Moscow, art is considered so important that this nursery-infant school has its own artist. The pictures are changed periodically. The May Day celebrations here must have surprised many of the foreign visitors. The songs and dances in costume of different lands would not have offended the political susceptibilities of the most sensitive—an entirely different experience from 1932.

In the world of education the attention has been quite definitely switched off the political and on to the artistic, even in the matter of children's toys. There is a special institute which is concerned solely with research into toys. It uses the results of its research to create new toys. There is a passionate belief that every child must have the opportunity for creative self-expression, and new institutions are being evolved to provide them with the opportunity. This movement of the arts for the children is gaining the force of an avalanche. Irresistibly it is sweeping the country. In a very few years there should scarcely be a child in the Soviet Union who, if it so desires, will not be able to dance or sing or act, paint or write, at no cost to its parents. And the children are not only free to express themselves within their own environment; they are deliberately brought into contact with bourgeois art. Visits to the art galleries, the opera and museums are frequent; folk songs and classical music, instrumental and vocal, now receive more attention than revolutionary music. Only two out of six songs I heard in a singing lesson were post revolutionary. At a concert given by the students of a music academy, there was no item dating later than 1900.

The variety in the children's drawings and paintings reflects the new breadth of their interests. As part of the course the children in one Children's House of Culture are taken to old parts of Moscow for study and reproduction. In May, an international exhibition of children's art was opened in Moscow. The Russian section had some thousand exhibits, and very few of them were definitely political. Bubnov, the Commissar for education, opened the exhibition on the children's day. After the ceremony he took a party of the children round, and he treated the pictures as pictures, never once as occasions for political disquisitions.

The children's theatre shows equal evidence of this psychological change. The villain of the play seen in the Leningrad Children's Theatre was the schoolboy son of bourgeois parents. But he did not remain the villain to the end; he was regenerated. In this play, too, the old teachers who find it difficult to adapt themselves to the new conditions are treated

sympathetically, while the youthful Communist director of the school, who at the beginning of the play thinks languages a bourgeois pastime, finishes up by learning German. Classics appear as a prominent part in the repertoire, and classics reasonably produced. The producer in this theatre intends to study Shakespeareana for two years before producing any of his plays. Pushkin's *Tsar Sultan*, played at the Natalie Satz Children's Theatre in Moscow, was a thing of beauty and had not a suspicion of propaganda. The same tendency to widen experience and knowledge is found in the children's literature. Fairy-tales have been reinstated, not quite in full, it is true, since those having a mystical or religious flavour, or those which might encourage the belief that one can grow rich and live happy ever after without working, are not permitted. It is necessary to recall the weight of all the arguments of all the educationists previously directed against fairy-tales to realise what a change has taken place here. The *Just So Stories* and *Jungle Tales* of our arch-imperialist Kipling are highly recommended to children. Friendly treatment has been extended to dolls; and dolls of all kinds are now produced in Soviet factories, but very few of them are military. There was a period when dolls were considered "counter-revolutionary."

This tendency to greater intellectual and cultural freedom shows itself also in adult life. I was almost disappointed at the paucity of Soviet plays to be seen during a visit of nearly two months. Certainly most of the post-revolutionary plays seen dealt with incidents which occurred after 1917, and, if dealing with contemporary political events is propaganda, then they were propagandist. But *The Other Man's Child*, one of the most successful plays by a Soviet dramatist in Moscow, was pure comedy. It was very kind to the old bourgeois couple and less kind to the younger generation. Extremes in art of any form are now definitely discouraged. This is particularly affecting architecture, where the slogan "to study and absorb the culture of the past" is almost leading to a Greek renaissance. In the model of the Palace of Soviets, on which construction has already begun, the forecourt is almost a replica of the Parthenon. This love and respect for the past is expressing itself in Kharkov in the form of an orchestra consisting entirely of old Ukrainian instruments of the fifteenth and sixteenth century, which has already taken part in an all-Russian musical Olympiad. Several of the members of the orchestra are Party members, and their enthusiasm is such that they not only play the instruments, but know their history. Whether the popularity of jazz music and dancing shows an advance or not is a point for discussion, but it does illustrate the new receptiveness to non-revolutionary movements.

The most unexpected support for my contention that life is becoming freer was supplied by my travelling companion from Moscow to Kiev. He was an elderly Russian professor going to take part in a conference at Kiev. As soon as he discovered that I spoke Russian he started off. Before many minutes had passed he informed me that he believed in Christ and Christianity, and proceeded on a lengthy argument to prove its truth to me. The conversation turned from religion to politics, and we discussed Trotsky, his place in the revolution and the reasons for his failure, equally frankly. He spoke very warmly of Trotsky's contribution to the success of the revolution. The conversation was carried on with the door of our compartment wide open. These experiences are not intended to suggest that there is no political propaganda in the U.S.S.R.; there is; nor that there is complete intellectual freedom; there is not. But they do justify the inference that, given favourable conditions, no war and the continued improvement in the industrial and agricultural position, the swaddling bands will be removed from the Soviet baby and it will gradually learn to walk by itself. It is interesting that just at the time when unreason and suppression of freedom are becoming the fashion all over the world, in the U.S.S.R. reason and freedom are coming into favour.

BEATRICE L. KING

A LONDON DIARY

THE appalling effectiveness of Mr. Robert Dell's *Germany Unmasked* (Hopkinsons) is greatly increased by the fact that he has been so long a stalwart champion of justice to Germany. As correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* and of this paper he has consistently opposed the French thesis that the only way to treat Germans is to "keep 'em down." This book is a recantation, forced from him by Hitlerism. Its emphasis, as is natural with a recantation, seems to me sometimes misplaced: he is apt to attribute to the German character brutalities which are, in my view, rather the necessary accompaniments of Fascism anywhere. Because Fascism is a revolt against reason, and an appeal to violence, to emotion and to passion, its outcome is inevitably cruelty, madness and gangsterism. Though it has taken for historic and racial reasons a peculiarly savage form in Germany, its triumph in England or France would be only a degree less horrible and only a degree less destructive of civilisation. With this caution Mr. Dell's book can be recommended as a true indictment. The facts on which it is based are not open to dispute, and Mr. Dell shows by official quotations how the brutalities which the Nazis sometimes defend as necessary and sometimes denounce as Jewish lies are not accidental excesses, but logical and deliberate acts of Nazi policy. For German Fascism is intended, as its leaders have repeatedly said, to be a return to the pre-Christian era of the "primeval forest," and for that reason I think Mr. Dell is right in regarding the downfall of Hitlerism as the one proper objective of foreign policy.

* * *

At the end of his book Mr. Dell gives the full text of "the instructions for German propaganda relative to action in North and South America," secretly issued by Dr. Goebbels to his agents abroad. They are unpleasantly definite. France is the "irreconcilable enemy" of Germany, and since England is "the most dangerous and most powerful ally of France . . . all the foreign political efforts of the Reich Government must be directed towards disturbing the relations between these two countries." German agents abroad are warned that Germany cannot and "will not tolerate much longer" the continuance of the Versailles settlement and, if negotiation fails, may be compelled to "take what is her due by other means." Since foreign public opinion is important "*Germany is prepared to make rather considerable financial sacrifices in order to win over this public opinion.*" Publicly it must be insisted that Germany's "only desire is to secure a peaceful settlement" and everything must be done to arrange that German propaganda comes through non-German sources. Elaborate plans follow for accomplishing this through the wireless and the press. These need to be read to be believed. I will end with one illuminating quotation dealing with the employment of Special non-German correspondents as propagandists in the foreign press. The italics throughout are in the original.

> Cases might occur in which it would be worth while *not only to supply these special services free of charge but also to combine with them certain carefully veiled financial promises*, which must then be in some way "camouflaged." In no case is it desirable that these disbursements should take the form of payment for German advertisements such as, for example, direct tourist propaganda.

* * *

I have just had interesting proof of plans to exploit these methods of propaganda in this country in the near future. A London advertising agency is at present in negotiation with the Nazi authorities for a very large subvention to be spent on selling Hitler's Germany to the British public. The money is to be spent on films, lectures and press advertising and its German source will be carefully concealed. All the propaganda will be put out under the most respectable auspicies and it will appear, unless scotched by exposure at the outset, as if inspired by ordinary commercial motives or by spontaneous enthusiasm.

In the *Morning Post* of June 26th last a special correspondent described an extraordinary reception given by Göring to the Diplomatic Corps in his capacity as Grand Master of the Chase. Further almost incredible details of this reception at Göring's villa in the forest near Berlin have since been reported to me. Although I knew that Göring was capable of anything during one of his "brain storms" I must admit that I was at first completely incredulous. But the full story, as I give it here, has been amply confirmed as I state it, on the authority of more than one foreign diplomat in Berlin who was actually present. The Diplomatic Corps with their wives were received by Göring in a costume variously interpreted as being that of Parsifal and Siegfried. He made a speech about the nobility of the new Germany. He added that noble German animals were still required and he took his guests to see the animals which he had chosen for the role. The animals were bison—a bull and several cows. "The performance," as the *Morning Post* correspondent tactfully puts it, became "embarrassing owing to the presence of ladies." Later, Göring changed his clothes and appeared as Lohengrin in a chariot; and, remembering his duty to the Diplomatic Corps, ended the evening by sweeping a chosen guest (I'm told the wife of the Italian Ambassador) into the chariot and driving her round the grounds. After this—I've not told all the story—I am not surprised to read in the *Times* of July 25th that Dr. Goebbels has issued a statement that henceforth he is alone to be responsible for entertainments, "especially those to which the Diplomatic Corps and the foreign press are invited."

* * *

The police prohibition of meetings "at or in the proximity of Labour Exchanges"—popularly known as "the Trenchard ban"—has been in force since 1931. But I have never found a lawyer able to explain the legal justification for this ban and I am not surprised therefore to learn that a test meeting outside the West Ham Labour Exchange was held last Tuesday without police interference. In 1931 the Home Secretary was questioned on the subject in the House of Commons and replied that the prohibition would continue "at least for the present" on the ground that work inside Labour Exchanges was disturbed by the meetings. Last Tuesday's meeting was held about thirty yards away from the Labour Exchange and obviously interfered with no one. The police listened among the crowd to the local Labour M.P. and other more "left-wing" orators. I shall expect to hear that similar meetings are held outside other Labour Exchanges as they were before the winter of 1931.

* * *

The L.C.C. scheme for purchasing and rebuilding the property on the river-bank east of the County Hall offers a marvellous opportunity. This is emphatically a site the development of which ought not to be left to the caprices of private enterprise. But the responsibility which the L.C.C. proposes to undertake is very grave. The entire river-frontage of the site should be designed by one architect. Presumably the buildings erected will be offices and flats, and it should be possible when the building-leases are disposed of for the L.C.C. to insist on a single harmonious design being used for the river façade. I suggest that a competition be held for designing this façade, and that the selection committee consist for the most part neither of elderly architects nor of County Councillors, but of men of proved taste, like the Slade Professors, the Director of the National Gallery, and Mr. Frank Pick (who is responsible for the admirable new Underground stations). This is no doubt too much to hope for, but the danger of a hodge-podge of buildings designed by rival Academicians is too horrible to contemplate. If the new buildings resemble either those built on the north side by Sir Frank Baines, or those in the new Regent Street, as developed by the Crown Commissioners, we shall look back with regret to the present picturesque confusion of wharves and warehouses.

Having a cottage in Essex, I have long known it to be one of the least sophisticated of English counties. But I was not prepared for a story like that sent by a special correspondent of the *Daily Express* from Great Sutton. It appears that there is a feud between the rector, Rev. T. R. C. Williams, and a Mrs. Turrant, who says that when a woman friend of hers died the church was locked against the funeral. By way of "reminding" the rector of this incident she always beats a brass gong with a garden fork when she sees him pass by on a week-day. The rector is reported as follows:

> In favour of Mrs. Turrant, all I can say is that she is undoubtedly possessed of a devil. I met Mrs. Turrant some time ago in the main street. I was dressed in my ecclesiastical garments and carrying my Bible. She spoke to me in her usual manner. Raising my Bible, I cursed her in my priestly capacity, saying, "In God's name I curse you for an evil tongue." That curse is all the action I propose to take in the matter. It was a curse given with all the authority and power that I have for giving a blessing.

CRITIC.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5s. for the contribution at the head of this column goes to Mr. F. C. Palmer.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Now that the Royal Standard is flying over Buckingham Palace again London re-assumes its "settled" look. It is a psychological fact that London never really "feels itself" when the King and Queen are away; their Majesties' return makes everybody feel at home.—*Daily Mail.*

Word has gone to officials in the light entertainment department of the B.B.C. that there must be stricter censorship of variety broadcasts. Complaints have been made that unnecessarily broad jokes and strong language have got past the microphone . . . in future "Damn," "Hell!" and "Blast" are to be excised from the plays.—*Evening Standard.*

The British Medical Association's annual meeting opens at Bournemouth on Friday . . . The social arrangements include six cocktail parties, a sherry party, and the annual breakfast of the National Temperance League.—*Daily Herald.*

Then came tragedy worse than anything devised by Aeschylus or Strindberg. Hammond played Grimmett to Wall at mid-wicket, and made no offer to run. Walters did run; so, then, did Hammond. The ball was returned to Grimmett, and Hammond was run out.—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

Mr. Jack Buchanan, one of the greatest step dancers of to-day, told the *Sunday Pictorial*: "Tap dancing is the modern road to health and mental culture. It is invigorating, mentally and physically, and develops the creative instinct. That in turn enlarges the mind."—*Sunday Pictorial.*

Landowners who wish sons to have an insight into farming before taking over responsibility (hunting, shooting, fishing, golf, tennis, etc.), or fathers wishing sons to learn practical farming, should write for terms.—Advt. in *Times.*

Ordering the boy to be sent to an approved school for three years, the chairman, Col. F. G. Barker, said: "What a dreadful commentary on modern education and religion. If he were at Eton he would be flogged out of his life."—Report in *Star.*

Vienna Battle. Gentleman *v.* Players.—Evening paper placard.

Remarking that lightning plays many funny pranks, Mr. —, County District Coroner, found that death was due to the lightning flash, and that it was accidental.—*Local press report.*

Mr. J. Monks, of New Hey Farm, Red Bank, Newton-le-Willows, has paid 18s. a year to the Newton-in-Makerfield Urban Council for water rates, and the council has never supplied any water. It was

revealed at last night's meeting of the water committee that this payment had been made for several years. The clerk pointed out that legally the water rate must be paid, but the council was not compelled to supply water. The cost of laying a main to the farm would be £50.—Report in *Daily Express*.

Ponsford and Bradman literally made hay of England's attack.—*Observer*.

The Greatest Sensation of 1932 was Min and Bill.
The Greatest Sensation of 1933 was Private Lives.
The Greatest Sensation of 1934 and of All Time is Min and Bill *plus* Private Lives.—Advertisement in *Evening Standard*.

It seems to me that the art of the theatre is absolutely dead. . . . I had not entered a London theatre for about eighteen months until . . . a few weeks ago.—W. J. Turner in *The New Statesman and Nation*.

The conversation at lunch turned to tiaras. Granted—they are démodé, pre-war and all that. But just because of that I hope the women who have them will go on wearing them, for, in a world as swiftly changing as our own, it is comforting to find some things yet unaltered—the fashion for wearing tiaras, for example. They give one the illusion of such security. . . .—*Vogue*.

A discussion on the value of physical training and on the question whether drill dress in schools is "indecent," took place at Penrith on Tuesday at the quarterly meeting of the Westmorland County Education Committee. . . .

The Rev. W. King (Orton), one of the managers of Greenholme School, said that . . . "It was not right, too, that the children should be turned out to drill in little more than a singlet."—Local press report.

THE REPORT OF THE KENYA LAND COMMISSION

THE appointment of the Commission was due to the disclosure, in 1929, in the Report of another Commission, of the fact that "a very large number" of Kikuyu had lost their ancestral holdings by their inclusion in grants of land made by the Crown to Europeans. So, though the case of these thousands of landless Kikuyu is by no means unique, it may be taken as a test whereby to judge the proposals of the Commission for compensating other tribes whose land has been given to Europeans.

The Commissioners advise the addition to the Kikuyu Reserve of various small areas on its fringes, most of them already in Kikuyu occupation. The bulk of the dispossessed should be settled, they propose, in two contiguous areas shown on the map at page 154, of from 350 to 400 square miles in all. As the areas the tribe was unjustly deprived of add up to a far smaller total that seems compensation handsome enough. But size is not everything. The land the Kikuyu lost is all good land—Europeans wanted no other kind. It all lies at from 5,500 to 7,000 feet above sea level, and is so well watered by streams from the mountains above that no Kikuyu hamlet within it was more than a quarter of a mile away from a permanent water supply.

It happens that, twenty-odd years ago, the present writer, when on his way from Fort Hall to Kitui and back again, crossed on foot both the areas proposed to be added to the Kikuyu Reserve. One of them lies north of the Tana River. It lies at from 4,000 to 5,500 feet above sea level. Parts of it are fertile, but streams are few and in some dry seasons dry up altogether. The other area, south of the Tana, is lower still, a plain with low hills about 4,000 feet above the sea and blisteringly hot. Though the rains were not due for at least a month the whole area was completely waterless—no streams in it are shown, in fact, in the maps in the Report.

On both the outward and the homeward route we had to carry drinking water for one night's camp. On the days before we reached and the days after we left those camps we saw no living animal except hundreds of rhinoceros, miles away. On the homeward route the camp was beside a reputed water hole, where we had hoped to be able to wash. It contained only stinking slime. One at least of the party was anxious in case his rest was disturbed by lions going to the water hole—we had no firearm with us. The headman assured him they had followed their prey for the season to places where water was to be got. We were not disturbed, though glad indeed to see the morning. The whole of this southern area is almost treeless and quite uninhabitable. The other area, north of the Tana, could in parts be cultivated, but only by people with higher and better watered land to move to during the dry season. True, the Report mentions irrigation. But as the Tana, its only source, runs so low for months every year that it is fordable on foot, that seems hardly practicable. In any case, why should people unjustly deprived of first-class land in healthy, high country have to live in unhealthy and irrigated low country?

Conclusive proof of the quality of the land in both areas lies in the fact that though both of them have always been uninhabited, only once has a European ever applied for land in either. In that case—the application was later withdrawn—it was proposed to extend a sisal plantation into the area. Sisal is notoriously a drought resister that is never grown except on land too poor and too arid to grow anything else.

The Report proposes that the tribal Reserves, with the additions advised in it, should be made secure from interference by the local Government by being declared inviolate in an Order in Council. But that Order in Council would render equally inviolate that half of the land of any value in Kenya that is now the monopoly of Europeans. That means, as Archdeacon Owen put it in his recent article in *The Manchester Guardian*, that the 1,029,422 Kavirondo are forever to be restricted to their Reserve of 7,114 square miles, while the 17,000 Europeans are forever to possess the 16,700 square miles of the "European Highlands," less than five acres per head in the one case and a square mile per head in the other. Further, five-sixths of the land in the estates of Europeans is officially described as devoid of "beneficial occupation," though that term is given a far laxer definition than in New Zealand and all other Colonies.

Since in Kenya Colony the European District Officer is not only both the Chairman and the secretary of the tribal Council of his District but has the power to decide its actions, even when opposed by all its other members, Africans in Kenya are allowed no opportunity of giving us their minds on this Report. What rapidly increasing numbers of them are known to demand is something that evidently neither the Commissioners nor those who appointed them have any idea of, is what our ancestors called civil liberties. One of them is the right to buy and lease land anywhere in their own country. At present the laws deliberately make it impossible for any African or group of Africans to own or lease land anywhere in the country. No African may even own or lease a plot for a shop in a town in the Colony. On the day when a Labour Government has the courage shown by the British Government of exactly a century ago, when it compelled the Government of Jamaica to grant to its black inhabitants the same rights in law as its white inhabitants enjoyed—we are not always better than our fathers—on that day will this Report be obsolete.

NORMAN LEYS

LUXURY

IT is announced that Monte Carlo is threatened with an economic crisis. There is a slump in the capital of the gambling world so grave that Casino shares which were worth £72 three years ago are now down to £18 and dividends have fallen from 185 per cent. to 4 per cent. The high tide of war profits has been succeeded by the low tide of war debts, and at last even the gaming-tables have been affected.

Can Monte Carlo ever recover its old pre-eminence? It is difficult to believe that private fortunes will ever again be

piled up to such heights and in such numbers as was common in the half-century before the war. The idle rich will more probably become a dream of the past. Under every form of government, the money-maker of the future will work under restraints that his grandfathers never knew, and millionaires will never again grow up like mushrooms. If the idle rich belong to a declining industry, it does not seem likely that we shall ever see the old Monte Carlo again—a magnet for all that great nation of the idle rich whose territory spread from the Ural Mountains to the far shores of America.

Possibly, even if the idle rich increased instead of diminishing in number, Monte Carlo would cease to lure them as of old. For one thing, it is no longer all but a monopolist of the most exciting games of chance; roulette and baccarat have spread to other casinos. For another thing, I doubt whether the idle rich are quite so idle as they used to be. They are more athletic than their grandparents, and do not need in the same way to be spoon-fed with pleasures all day long in order to avoid boredom. Many a rich woman to-day would rather play a game of lawn-tennis than lose money at the roulette-table. Thousands of them also are infected with the madness of sun-bathing, which leaves them much too weary to be able to become excited over baccarat.

At the same time, by a remarkable paradox, we see at the present time a world, both of the rich and of the poor, which seems to be able to devote more and more time both to outdoor games and recreations and to games of chance. Millions of people play cricket and tennis and football, and millions of others—or are they the same millions?—crowd the dog-racing tracks and back horses. There has surely never before been such a universal appetite for pleasure. Everybody is intent on luxury, if it is only the small luxury of having a ticket in the Irish sweep. Gambling, I imagine, has never been so widespread as it is to-day. The theory that it is sinful is melting like snow in the sun. Did not even a member of the Salvation Army draw a prize in the last Irish sweep?

I do not know whether the spread of gambling is a good thing or not. I have enough of a bias towards the Puritan philosophy to question the value of other people's amusements. At the same time, I am sure it is an excellent thing that most people have ceased to regard gambling as wicked. I have never seen any evidence that gambling, as practised by the ordinary man, does anybody the slightest harm. I have known scores of people who have lost money at the roulette-tables at Monte Carlo, but I never knew one who suffered any greater loss on that account than the money he paid for his amusement. There have undoubtedly been men who have been ruined by gambling, but I doubt whether the victims of excess are more numerous in gambling than in any other pleasure. I have no means of knowing except from my own acquaintances, but I cannot believe that my acquaintances are the only people in the world sane enough to know when to stop losing money.

I have myself never stayed in a casino long enough to discover when gambling becomes boring. Nor can I quite make out what my pleasure in gambling is while I am there. I do not think that I am fool enough to dream that I am going to make my fortune. I am no mathematician, but one does not need to be a mathematician in order to realise that fortunes are far more easily made by more or less honest work than by playing roulette or boule. Yet I am conscious of a pleasant excitement as I throw my small stake on a number and follow its fate. I do not expect it to win, but, if it does, I am undoubtedly elate. Nor is my elation due, I think, to greed of gold. It is my love of victory, rather than my acquisitiveness, that is flattered. The child likes to be a winner even in a game that is played only for counters. At the same time, money won by luck seems extraordinarily attractive and bright in comparison with money earned by work. It is something beyond one's deserts, a piece of smiling good fortune, like a birthday-gift out of the blue. The hardened gambler takes his wins and losses solemnly, but the smile on the face of an occasional gambler who has won is that of a man returning the smile of a Goddess.

Many people who dislike gambling declare that they have never elsewhere seen such gloom as on the faces of the gamblers round the casino tables. I sometimes wonder whether this is not due to the observation of a prejudiced eye. After all, we have recently seen how visitors to Germany notice the happy faces or the haunted expressions of the German people according to what view they themselves take of Hitlerism. One's own opinion can make a Paradise of Hell, or the other way round. The happier we ourselves are, the happier other people look. Apart from this, I doubt whether we can always judge of the happiness of other people by their expressions. I have seen billiard players looking so grim that you would have thought they would never smile again. The photographs of athletes winning races are often like those of men who have had pins stuck into them, or, perhaps I should say, of men pursued with red-hot pokers and just touched with them as they reach the tape. How many men look happy while they are playing games? Bradman can bat like a happy cricketer and make jokes with the wicket-keeper between his strokes, but not all of the Australians look so cheerful even when the game is over. A full back at Rugby has seldom the merry air of a comedian, and I have seen goal-keepers at Association who permanently looked as if they had just heard that they had lost all their savings in a bank smash. Even croquet can produce an extraordinarily earnest expression on the human countenance. Everyone knows that to play a game seriously is for most people infinitely more enjoyable than to play it as if it were a joke. The bridge-player does not long for a partner who does not play the game in earnest.

Hence, it seems to me that the gloom on all those faces round the roulette-tables may merely be the outward sign of their inward happiness. It would be very little fun to throw money on to a table and to be less interested in its fate than in a comic story that was being whispered to you by your neighbour. If you risk your money at all, you will taste the full enjoyment of risking it only if you follow its fortunes with the grim, unsmiling expression of a cat watching a mouse-hole. Your pleasures here are not of the hilarious, but of the sensational kind. You are in pursuit of excitement, not of mirth. Your anxious, drawn face is no more evidence of gloom than it would be if you were watching Henry Irving playing in *The Bells*. The anxiety of a man watching Irving in *The Bells*, however, was as much a sign of happiness as the grin on the face of the man watching W. S. Penley in *Charley's Aunt*. I do not know whether any psychologist has ever made a study of the debt we owe to anxiety as a source of happiness. Yet the pleasures of anxiety are obvious both among the spectators in the theatre and the spectators in the football ground. They are equally conspicuous among the frequenters of the casino. And they are not pleasures that make men smile.

It may be that one of the great services rendered by Monte Carlo to the idle rich is that it pleasantly stimulated anxiety in those who were in the lucky position of having no cause for anxiety. There were many visitors, no doubt, who could have indulged all their love of anxiety on the stock exchange at home. But that is not anxiety in holiday surroundings. There the anxiety is too real. At Monte Carlo it becomes—for most people, at least—a game, a piece of make-believe.

It is an odd form of luxury for which to pay large sums, but if it did not exist, apparently tens of thousands of people would be bored. Possibly, the day is several hours too long for large numbers of human beings, and casinos and such things are necessary in order to enable them to put in the twenty-four hours without excessive misery. There is always the study of philosophy as a possible pastime, but the philosophers have spoiled it with their jargon, and made it unattractive to men and women who have enough money to be able to kill time in simpler ways. Of all kill-time occupations, gambling seems to exercise the strongest spell. Hence the devotion to Monte Carlo of generations of people who had so much time on their hands that they were ready to spend any amount of money in order to kill it.

HOT, AND BOTHERED

My physical condition
I fear will not permit,
My usual exhibition
Of scintillating wit.
There's not a single topic
That I can find to treat,
But tends to turn more tropic
This devastating heat.

Of Europe's situation
Should I aspire to sing,
Well, "red-hot indignation"
Is not a cooling thing.
And 'planes above me wheeling
Produce by swift degrees
That "hot-and-bothered" feeling
In cooler times than these.

When Göring stoops to grovel
Before the Führer's feet,
His eulogy, though novel,
Is nauseous to repeat;
And (though the way he gushes,
Gives ground for caustic jokes)
Provokes the "burning blushes"
This sort of thing provokes.*

Nor am I, gently broiling,
Much moved to write about
Our sweaty bowlers toiling
To get Don Bradman out.
My pen, as I have hinted,
Dries in the heat-wave's blast—
And that, when this is printed,
Will probably have passed!

MACFLECKNOE

* E.g., "The Führer creates greatness from the greatness of his heart, his passionate will, the agonies of his soul."

Correspondence

PROFESSOR LASKI AND THE ISSUE OF FREEDOM

SIR,—My letter to the *Daily Telegraph* of the 13th July upon which your leader and Mr. Keynes comment so acidly was occasioned by an announcement in the press made upon the authority of the Vice-Chancellor and the Principal of London University that the University would await an inquiry by "the appropriate body" into Professor Laski's action before expressing an opinion upon it. The argument for such an inquiry and for action to follow it is excellently stated by Professor H. A. Smith of the London School of Economics. Writing to the *Times* of the 20th July, he says:

> I agree with the Vice-Chancellor and the Principal in thinking that the University may and should concern itself with the public utterances of its professors. Every organised society is entitled to control such activities of its members as may bring it into disrepute or otherwise injure its interests.

The purpose of my letter was to point out that the only University "body" that could exert effective action, if such were called for after inquiry, was the Court, which by the operation of the University of London Act, 1926 has superseded the Senate as the supreme financial authority in the University and had thereby in effect become vested with the real control of the schools of the University. That the Court should be able to exercise financial pressure as a means of disciplining these schools was, I submit, the main object of that provision of the Act, which resulted in the transference to the Court of the allocation of grants received both from the Treasury and from the London County Council and of the disposition of all other moneys as well. Mr. Keynes finds it "a monstrous suggestion" that the power of the purse should be thus used. But the suggestion did not originate with me. Indeed I did my best to oppose the passage of the Bill in Parliament precisely because in my judgment that provision automatically transferred the effective government of the University from the Senate to the Court, *i.e.*, from an academic to a non-academic body. But my opposition was unavailing, the Bill having the agreed support of all the official parties in the House, including Mr. Keynes's political friends.

Mr. Keynes declares that I am "obviously unfit to represent a University in Parliament." May I remind him that self-assumption of pontifical authority is not exactly synonymous with its possession? Surely he will agree that the ultimate test of fitness to represent a constituency in Parliament is supplied (happily for me) not by what Mr. Keynes may think about it but by the vote of the electors in that particular constituency. I have fought and won three contested elections for my seat, and my majority on the last occasion (1931) was thirteen times as large as my first majority had been in 1924, when it was 389. If and when that position is reversed, but not before, I shall bow with all due humility to Mr. Keynes's excommunication of me. E. GRAHAM-LITTLE

SIR,—While heartily welcoming Mr. Keynes's defence of liberty in your last issue, I must take exception to the passage at the end of his letter in which he asserts that "too many of the younger members of the Left have toyed with Marxist ideas to have a clear conscience in repelling reactionary attacks on freedom."

As one who has "toyed," if that is the right word, with Marxist ideas, and yet has a perfectly clear conscience in attempting to repel reactionary attacks on such liberties as are left to us, I should like to point out that Mr. Keynes has, by implication, rather gravely mis-stated the Marxist position. The question is not whether Mr. Keynes or anyone else agrees with the Marxist interpretation of history; the question is whether people who do so view the situation can at the same time with a clear conscience repel reactionary attacks on liberty.

In the minds of very large numbers of people the question formulates itself in a slightly different manner, namely: "Is it possible to carry on a genuine fight against reactionary attacks on liberty without adopting a revolutionary Marxist position?"

It is possible, to my mind, providing that the following assumptions are also accepted. First, that what Lenin described as "the crying contradiction between the formal equality proclaimed by the capitalists and the thousand and one *de facto* limitations and restrictions which make the proletarians wage-slaves" is of secondary importance. The assumption, that is to say, that "liberty," as it is understood and practised by the ruling class of the bourgeois State, is the last word in liberty. Secondly, that even this exceedingly limited variety of strictly "bourgeois" liberty is something which can be preserved within the capitalist system. The assumption, that is to say, that the bourgeois State, in its attempts to defend its last ditch against attack, will not invariably adopt methods of attempted self-preservation similar to those it has already adopted in Italy and Germany. This assumption involves the supposition that the Sedition Bill and similar attacks on freedom with which Mr. Keynes so ably deals are the "accidental" devices of persons of ill-will, not connected with the last struggles of the bourgeoisie to maintain at all costs an indefensible position. The third assumption which I would have to make if I were to defend liberty with a clear conscience without accepting revolutionary Marxism, would be the assumption that the substitution of the working-class State for the capitalist State would not result in an extension of the liberties of the great mass of the people, analagous to the extension of the liberties of the bourgeoisie which was achieved in the early stages of the destruction of the feudal State and its replacement by the capitalist State. Finally it would be necessary to assume that this extension of the liberty of the working class by way of the dictatorship of the proletariat would not in fact be capable of developing into the wider liberty of the classless society wherein the State itself will wither away.

If Mr. Keynes does in fact make all these assumptions, then he is of course justified in suggesting that the Marxian struggle for freedom is based on a series of historical misconceptions. But he is not justified in suggesting that those who believe all these assumptions to be entirely false are therefore incapable of defending liberty "with a clear conscience." FRANK PITCAIRN

THE NAUGHTY BOY

SIR,—Your contributor, "A Doctor," writes, "... on Probation. Just exactly what does that amount to; of what benefit is it to anybody?" Earlier in his article he writes, "Three harassed magistrates did what they could; but it was all a rule of thumb affair; and at least one of them went away wondering whether they had done more harm than good. *For after all the cases had been heard nobody knew really anything at all worth knowing about any of the boys.*" The italics are ours.

If the probation system had been functioning in that court, the magistrates considering sentence would have had before them a report, provided for them by statute, containing a comprehensive survey of the life of each individual delinquent awaiting sentence; his general conduct, home surroundings, school record, medical history, and, in such cases as warranted the special investigation, a psychiatrical report correlating the physiological and/or pyschological causal factors with the resultant anti-social act, and suggesting to the court, in suitable cases, appropriate remedial measures. *The probation officer supplies these reports.* He is neither psychiatrist, psychologist, criminologist, nor sociologist, but he is, or ought to be, sufficiently versed in each of these sciences to enable him to recognise at least a probable case for the attention of the expert to whom he may refer. Where now are the "harassed" magistrates? The "rule of thumb affair" becomes one of scientific diagnosis and treatment.

Probation for the choir boys with an introduction to a Scout Troop where their boredom will be dissipated and their spirit of adventure given healthy self-expression; probation for the fifteen-year-old, sugar-starved office-breaker, an introduction to a medical clinic, and a talk on dietetics between the probation officer and the "bread-and-sometimes-meat" mother; the milk and chocolate thief we should have to know more about, remand for inquiry; ditto the "engaging young housebreaker," and the child found in possession of the gloves. Neither do we know enough about the "gaudy toy" thief. Is it magpie thieving, grudge or compensation theft, sheer acquisitiveness, or mere malicious mischief? A remand for inquiry and report by the psychologist at the Child Guidance Clinic. And so on. Adjustment here, punishment there, but nothing indiscriminate, hit-or-miss, hope-for-the-best. That is one of the functions of probation.

SCOTTISH PROBATION OFFICERS

SIR,—All the cases I interviewed came from the police court where they had been found guilty. The children's courts had not yet been set going. I learned a great deal personally; but somehow I could not get it across. When I endeavoured to talk about it at a meeting of the Probation Committee of which I am a member my remarks were received without enthusiasm, and it was suggested to me, tacitly, that it would be well for me to suspend my activities. At any rate, no more children were forthcoming.

Miss Craven suggests that the job of the juvenile court and the probation officer is to find out the cause of the delinquency. But how is it to be done? In court there are the magistrates, several police officers out of uniform, witnesses, press people, parents of delinquents, the delinquents themselves. Also there may be present a school attendance officer, a probation officer, and one or two more. The opportunities for getting at the child defendant's mind are not very obvious! The reports from probation officer, attendance officer, and school teacher may be helpful up to a point; but in my experience they are always objective. We hear nothing at all of the child's case.

I agree entirely with Miss Craven (who, in what she calls her criticism of my pessimism, is infinitely more pessimistic than I shall ever be) when she speaks of the "inadequacy of the probation service." As I know it, it is inadequate. But I don't see why it need go on being so. If it is to be made really effective, however, it must be drastically overhauled. It must be strengthened, not so much by more paid probation officers (though there must be more paid officers) who sometimes, as Miss Craven points out, double the part with that of police court missioner, as by the enrolling of sympathetic young people who will definitely get to know the naughty boys—and girls. So far as my district is concerned, I think I can see how that may be done.

I have an uneasy feeling that, at the moment, in the back streets the probation officer is sometimes classed with those other "enemies," the "cruelty man" and the school board man. The back streets are very conservative (I have been in and out of them for forty years: I know them pretty well), and their prejudices die hard. There is a close parallel between the point of view of Mayfair and that of Paradise Row or Skinner's Rents. Both breed difficult children; but those from one district don't get pulled up before the magistrates; those from the others do. Mayfair has its boys' clubs. They call them prep. schools. Paradise Row and Skinner's Rents haven't.

A DOCTOR.

MURDER AND SUICIDE IN GERMANY

SIR,—In your issue of the 21st July you mention, under the heading "Murder and Suicide in Germany," the names of several writers still in concentration camps, such as Ossietsky, Ludwig Renn, Werner Hirsch and others. I would like to add to this list the name of the well-known Socialist leader and journalist, Ernst Heilmann, who was especially hated by the Nazis for his fearless attitude towards them. Heilmann could have left the country, but he refused to do so because as a leader he did not want to leave his followers, although he knew that remaining in Germany would mean death or at least terrible suffering for him. Heilmann was arrested in July, 1933, and dragged through various concentration camps. At first he was in Oranienburg, where, according to the book of his co-prisoner Seger, he was humiliated in every conceivable way. His fate became still worse in the camp of Papenburg, one of the most dreaded German concentration camps, where he had to suffer torture and humiliation of indescribable character. One day he tried to end his suffering by walking quietly out of the camp in order to incite the Nazi guards to shoot him. They shot, but did not kill him; they only wounded him severely. For months he was in hospital. After his physical recovery, he was again put in prison, this time in the prison of the Secret Police in Berlin. He is now a wreck physically and mentally, and the danger of his committing suicide is great if public opinion in England cannot succeed in securing his early release. It may be mentioned in this connection that Heilmann joined the army voluntarily during the war and lost one eye fighting.

8 Guilford Place, W.C.1. MARGARET WOLF

[Information has reached us that two of the imprisoned writers whom we mentioned last week have recently been released, Klaus Neukrantz and Willy Bredal (wrongly referred to last week as Bendel). Since the Nazis are sensitive to British opinion we are not without hope that others may be released also.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE AUTOGIRO

SIR,—Mr. Mortimer in reviewing my book in your columns says that my facts about the autogiro were incorrect. I wrote to him to ask in what respect, and he replies that he was referring to my statement that "its stalling speed is only fifteen miles per hour" whereas, he continues, an autogiro cannot stall, but if it loses speed merely alights with a mild bump while still under control.

I had as a matter of fact submitted my MS. on this point to an expert in aerodynamics, and accordingly wrote to him on the matter. He writes that "for technical precision the sentence should read the minimum horizontal speed is only 15 miles per hour. One gets so accustomed to identifying the minimum horizontal speed with the stalling speed that one tends to use the shorter phrase even when one ought strictly to use the longer." He adds that lack of control is not an essential element in the definition of stalling, and does not normally occur at all in the stalling of a plane fitted with Handley Page slots.

As I took the greatest trouble throughout to check my facts in fields where I am not an expert, and as Mr. Mortimer's original statement implies a serious inaccuracy in place of a minor inexactitude of expression, I would be glad if you could publish this letter.

JULIAN S. HUXLEY

ARCHITECTURAL CENSORSHIP

SIR,—As the Ruislip Arbitration case was the first of its kind and the question of co-operation between the building public and local authorities was the subject of comment in Mr. McFarlane's letter in your issue of June 30th, we must ask you to allow us still further to clarify our position in relation to the Ruislip Council.

The Chairman suggests that we were negligent in failing to supply information relevant to an issue, which has only been raised since the arbitration, namely, the question of "details" of

the proposed future development. It is "extraordinary" that, despite the offer of any further information, we received from the Council no request for these details.

If the Council felt that they had "no *definite* information" or that they were only "vague and general hopes" expressed in our Plea, would it not have been reasonable and proper, on the Council's part, to ask for a proposed layout scheme which, as was clearly stated in that Plea, had been not only prepared but approved by the owners of the land? CONNELL AND WARD

25, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

THE AMSTERDAM RIOTS

SIR,—Your correspondent is making a simple error when he "corrects" my statement that 8.50 guilders represents a little less than two shillings per head for a family of seven. He is reckoning guilders at their present value in English money. But the Dutch worker spends his guilders in Amsterdam on goods at Dutch prices (which are still high) not on London goods at London prices. I am therefore in this case correct in converting guilders at par, which gives the figure I stated. YOUR CORRESPONDENT

WHITELEAF CROSS

SIR,—Several of your readers acted promptly on Critic's paragraph and sent their contributions to save the foreground of Whiteleaf Cross from the builder. If they will do a little more and interest their friends in its peril, this uniquely beautiful view can be saved. We need only about £300 more in donations. Our option has been extended, but until the whole ransom is collected, the danger remains that the two fields, which we propose to purchase for the National Trust, may be turned into a suburb. Cheques crossed Whiteleaf Cross Account, should be made payable to Lloyds Bank, Princes Risborough, Bucks, and sent direct to its manager. May I, in conclusion, thank the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for its most effective help? H. N. BRAILSFORD

Peters Lane, Monks Risborough.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE

SIR,—I am writing a short life of Jane Welsh Carlyle, and should be most grateful if any of your readers who have letters by or about her would be so kind as to communicate with me. Such letters would, if lent to me, be promptly transcribed and returned and every care would be taken of them. I should be particularly glad to be allowed to see any unpublished letters of Mrs. Carlyle's written between the years 1845 and 1857.

18 Cecil Court, S.W.10. ANTONIA WHITE

THE SEDITION BILL

SIR,—I wish to distribute pacifist literature amongst my family, but find this will be impossible under the new Sedition Bill. My father is a Colonel, and the rest of my relations are Generals of varying degree, so I should doubtless be impaled or imprisoned for seducing the simple soldiers from their duty. What can a poor pacifist do? J. GOWLLAND

42 Emperor's Gate, S.W.7.

Miscellany

COCKROACH AND ENTOMOLOGIST

SOME few years ago in the Auteuil quarter, tucked away in one of the narrow side streets, there was a small restaurant known as the Café Bien-Etre. It was kept by a Monsieur Hippolyte Plomme, a jovial and untidy fellow, with the assistance of his wife, a stout, handsome, Provençale.

For 12 frcs. the Café Bien-Etre served between 12 and 3 a capital dejeuner. It was not, of course, the Ritz. For instance, one stabbed one's knife into the salt. The regular clientele consisted of commercials of the neighbourhood who had their serviettes in rings upon a shelf above the counter.

In the evening the Café took on a different character. It was gayer.

The diners made a cosmopolitan crowd. Dining there one summer's evening after a tedious day in the Bibliotheque Nationale, I was the spectator of an amusing scene in which Hippolyte and his wife, one of the diners, and young Pierre, a student of Entomology, were the chief actors.

It was an extremely hot evening in July. "Before the night is out, Monsieur," remarked Plomme, "we shall get a storm." The small restaurant was crowded. A party of eight who had come down the river in a canot-automobile, four men and four young women, the girls smartly turned out—they looked extremely hard-boiled and enterprising—sat at a reserved table. I was in my accustomed corner near the window. The young Pierre was at a table near the counter, his vis-à-vis an insignificant little man, unprepossessing and furtive, who bent over his plate and ate noisily. I noticed Pierre grimace to Celestine, the Plommes' pretty daughter. He was clearly in love with her and she perhaps with him. I rather hoped so, as I have a weakness for romantic young people.

The fans were spinning, there was a frequent popping of corks, the buzz of conversation grew louder, laughter came from the long table. The diners were getting merry. Claude and Henri, the waiters, their collars wilting, loped from table to table.

It was all very pleasant. I had dined well and was sipping some tolerable claret, when happening to look in the direction of Pierre's table I saw that something had happened. With a movement of disgust the diner who sat there threw down his knife, and with his fork poised in the air skewed himself round towards the counter and in a loud voice called for the patron. Had the customer been less forbidding in appearance, it is certain that Madame, who was a susceptible creature, would have come from behind the counter. Instead, she called one of the waiters:

"Henri, dites au patron qu'un Monsieur veut lui parler."

Quickly from the kitchen came Hippolyte, smiling and rubbing his hands.

"You desire something, Monsieur." But on seeing the angry look upon his customer's face his own fell. What could be wrong, he wondered.

"Just look here," said the diner. "There is an insect, a cockroach, in this vol-au-vent."

The angry tone and loud voice did not escape the ears of the company. Heads turned in the direction of the speaker.

"Impossible, Monsieur." Nevertheless the patron, lifting the plate and holding it within an inch of his nose, discerned a dark object upon its rim. Men leaned across their tables and made comments. "A cockroach, nom d'une pipe, somebody's dinner then contains a surprise." The women began to titter.

Someone laughed loudly, whereupon the diner turned in choler towards the offender. "A cockroach, Monsieur, appears to cause you amusement. As to that it is a question of taste. For myself, however, my palate is trained, moreover my stomach is not strong. A well-cooked cockroach does not appeal to my appetite."

"Pardon, Monsieur, but allow me to remark that the cockroach on your plate has not been cooked," interposed the young Pierre, who had been looking at the insect for some moments in silence.

The diner, with his mouth wide open, regarded the young man as if he had not understood.

"You observed, Monsieur?——"

"What I said was that your cockroach had not been cooked."

"Tiens! The vile insect was in the vol-au-vent and has not been cooked. C'est drole! You will perhaps say that the infernal insect is alive?"

"Not at all; it is dead, that much is evident. Nevertheless, it has not been subjected to heat. Allow me, if you please."

The young man, with a fork, turned the cockroach upon its back. The diners crowded round the table. The affair had begun to be diverting.

"When an insect of this species," said the young ento-

mologist looking at the diner, " is exposed to heat, what does one expect to find? Firstly, a change of colour. Moreover, contact with water or fire will produce a change of form, a radical alteration, unmistakable and conclusive. You follow me, Monsieur? "

" Not a word," said the diner, " to me one cockroach is exactly like another."

" That may be so," rejoined the young man. " I assure you, however, that to an entomologist there is sometimes all the difference in the world. Have you perhaps studied the works of Godet or Lepelletier? "

" Monsieur, I am engaged in the making of pottery—your question, therefore . . . "

" Have you read Maury, Dumeril or St. Hilaire, men of world-wide renown who have occupied themselves in methodical and scientific observation of various insects (one admits that in the case of butterflies one has not made all the progress one desires). Are you acquainted with the Théâtres des Insectes? "

" No."

" He is clever," said one of the diners.

" And extremely good-looking," remarked another. " If the cockroach has not been cooked assuredly the affair takes on a different complexion. It is perhaps an imposture."

Watching with amusement and wondering what would be the outcome, I observed the diner, much perplexed, looking first at young Pierre then at Hippolyte and his wife. She, womanlike, seeing an opportunity, seized it.

" You see, Messieurs et Dames," said she, with an effective shrug of her shoulders, " a restaurant of repute such as ours—may I say it (murmurs of approval), with a select clientele has to protect itself from so ridiculous a charge. For this reason the patron retains the services of . . . of—"

" An entomologist," interposed the youth.

" Precisely, of an entomologist, Monsieur Pierre. What more is there to be said? The cockroach is not from our part."

The diners looked at one another, and murmured their approval.

" The proof is incontrovertible, the cockroach was never in the vol-au-vent."

" And yet it is upon the plate," shouted Hippolyte Plomme, who, now sure of himself with the support of the company, turned angrily upon the diner who, seeing that he had the worst of the argument, had risen from the table.

" One moment, Monsieur," he went on. " You have brought a serious accusation against my honour. It is likely enough you will hear more of the matter. To my distinguished clientele I am in the habit to say ' au revoir.' To you, Monsieur, I say ' adieu.' Get out, with your cockroach, before I throw you into the street."

There was much laughter as Plomme, muttering curses beneath his breath, followed the diner to the door.

" Ooff! How hot it is! " he remarked, as he returned.

When the diners had left, I remained, sipping my cognac. What an entertaining evening!

" Monsieur, you will join us in a Benedictine? I regret the way in which the harmony of my establishment has been disturbed."

Plomme, his wife, Pierre and I sat down while he poured out that excellent liqueur.

" And now we will drink a toast—the health of the good young Pierre. Ma foi! It is fortunate that he discovered that that cockroach was not cooked in the vol-au-vent."

" It was cooked all right," said the youth, with a gay laugh.

" Tiens! It was cooked, you say? "

" Mais oui, Monsieur Hippolyte. Nevertheless, I had to consider the reputation of the Café Bien-Etre, n'est-ce-pas! "

With a loud laugh Hippolyte slapped the young man on the back while Celestine regarded him with an enchanting smile.

" Brava, brava! " said he.

It seemed certain that shortly he would have a son-in-law.

JOHN MIFSUD

THE MUSE AT MALVERN

" MALVERN WELCOMES YOU " cry the banners across the street, and indeed the Urban District Council does its best: and well it may, since Sir Barry Jackson, with the powerful voice of Mr. Shaw assisting, has for six summers been gratuitously advertising this tranquil Victorian Spa as a centre of Cultural Whoopee. Here, thanks to the local Maecenas, you drink Pierian as well as hygienic springs. Malvern, not in jealous defence of its waters but in deference to the law of the land, makes the less cultural form of Whoopee difficult after 10 p.m. Were restriction to be abolished, the addicts of the Higher Drama would not, I think, yield to the lower vices. But an English Spa, even in Festival, has now become unthinkable without an atmosphere of the tea-urn, the bun, the lemonade. So we leave the theatre for the charming terrace and the gardens with no encouragement to be other than temperately festal. The sharp spine of the Malvern hills rises above us with a quite un-English theatricality; the scene is Bavarian, but the beer is not. It is, when available, obstinately British and, when most wanted, not available. But pause: in England there may be extensions, subterfuges, the eternal idiotic compromise. You may not drink on the charming terrace, but the theatre bar has been permitted to remain open. Which way do we go?

In the daytime you can join the army of Shaw-Peepers (for G. B. S. is here), or scale those hills (hut with mineral waters on the summit), or return to the terrace and the gardens where the assembled Professors of many nations are being affable in gents' summer suitings, where the players show themselves, the bathers go down for a dip, and the band plays. The cultural party has just come out from the morning lecture and is well primed with tit-bits of Elizabethan scholarship or ready to expound the values of the early or the later Shaw. The worlds of learning and of limelight commingle in the bright morning air and the Malvern waters are gaily swigged. The dons, home produce and imported, are enjoying themselves: any table on the terrace might yield a Professor's Love Story.

There are receptions, garden-parties, talks; Sir Barry Jackson, as well as Malvern, welcomes you. It must cost him a deal of money and the Malvern hotel-keepers and caterers are lucky indeed to have a resident who thus insists on telling and inviting the world. Sir Barry deserves a general gratitude for insisting on the Summer Theatre as an essential contributor to the English scene. Malvern, except for its railway communications, is an admirable " venue "—as the sporting writers say—and, if in any place we could be taught Festival habits, it is here. The Higher Drama may seem to sit a little oddly amid the solid Victorian villas that are wedged into the precipitous hill-sides, but we remember that this is an educational town. The Victorians mingled schools and spas; *Salubritas et Eruditio*. We are here for both, a little faint, perhaps, after breasting the Worcestershire Beacon or attending a very cultural drama, but pursuing, unquenchably pursuing.

Last night we attended Mr. Drinkwater's new play, *A Man's House*. The scene is Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion. It conforms to the fashionable theory that the ancients were very like the moderns. Mr. Drinkwater has determined that the Pharisees were Forsytes; the younger generation might go running after new prophets, but the old would keep their heads. Old Salathiel, whose home disintegrates beneath the strain of revolutionary religion, is just like a good English Liberal; he tries to see both sides; his son says the family business will be ruined—one doubts his gloomy view of the Nazarene's influence on the Markets—and takes a strong line. But one daughter bolts with a Christian convert; the servants'-hall is upset by an evangelical page-boy; the elder daughter, obstinate against the New Movement, begins to suffer tremors of doubt. Then her blindness is cured by the Master passing by the house. She recovers health of eye and spirit and suddenly resolves to marry a Roman captain, who says that he will leave the army and take to farming on the Adriatic.

The lady will probably found a church and perhaps be visited by the indefatigable Paul. One is not confident that Paul would get on with her. The home is broken up, but the hard-faced son remains to do business as usual. Doubtless he died rich and happy.

Mr. Drinkwater has a vivid subject and he has austerely refused to be too ingenious. How Mr. Shaw would have set them all talking! In *A Man's House* they are neither loquacious nor demonstrative; never did Jews more rigidly abstain from gesticulations or exuberant speech. One feels at times that some of these young men have been to school at Malvern, learned good form, and play a straight bat. But the subject is of engrossing interest and the play, at least for two acts, is worthy of its matter. It suffers from unhappy casting. But two of the players, Miss Joyce Bland and Mr. Reginald Tate, are strong enough to carry the weaker members through. Miss Bland's performance as Esther, the blind, embittered girl who is cured and converted, has immense dignity and power. She conveys feeling without statement: you know that she is in darkness before she speaks a word; her entry to the world of light is exquisite in the sense of liberation. Mr. Tate has a force which so many modern actors lack: his picture of the obdurate anti-Christian is never melodramatic or rowdy. It commands the stage with its single mood as Miss Bland commands it with her change of attitude. The rest of the company strive hard not to be embarrassed and to avoid the solemn sing-song tones which are the curse of sacred themes upon the stage. But their contribution is negative when matched with the positive virtues of the two major players. IVOR BROWN

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Summer Cynicism

The Embassy Theatre will close for its summer holiday, at the end of the production of *My Lady Wears a White Cockade*, on a gay and cynical note. Mr. Ronald Gow, author of *Gallows Glorious*, shows us the fate of high ideals in frivolous minds. A Jacobite lady of fashion, wife of a King's minister, so deeply dyed a minx that she deserves even her most minxish of maid servants, has conspired with her lover, a lackey turned gentleman-poet, to kidnap "The King over the Water." He is drugged and brought to a seaside inn on the way to Scotland where his partisans are waiting. Having set his stage, Mr. Gow proceeds to show us that "romance is the gibbering ghost of reality." In middle-age "Bonnie Prince Charlie" has realised that "failure is the mother of philosophy," that he is accustomed to and enjoys his "profession of prince-in-exile." He is willing to be seduced by the lady, but not lead a new rebellion; honour has become "the most memorial of virtues" and, like an elderly L'Aiglon, he can bear to write no more "history in blood." The maid-servant has informed the husband, a disillusioned and choleric asthmatic; with his arrival the play lapses frequently into farce. After robbing her mistress the maid elopes with the poet, a man who "cannot even do a dishonourable action honourably." They sail for America on the ship that was to have taken the Pretender to Scotland. My lady, after trying to persuade the Prince to kill her husband, escapes with a young officer, and Charles Stuart signs a document promising not to return to England. We realise with him that "tragedy is the pastime of the young, we are comic characters." A witty play, well-acted, but out of balance for any true picture of life. Miss Isobel Elsom acted with spirit as the minx, though she was a little too statuesque for the part. Miss Dorothy Dunkels was, as always, the most perfect of pert servants. Mr. Henry Oscar made a handsome Prince, whose weakness touched us, and Mr. Charles Carson's husband was a superb piece of comedy acting.

Posters

The more intelligent advertisers now realise that posters ought to be striking, and that good artists are more likely than bad ones to produce striking posters. But the standard is still low. The same badly drawn and insipid type of girl advertises a hundred things from soap to meat-extract, very inefficiently, because even if one is attracted by her, one cannot remember which soap or soup it is that she is associated with. And the least teetotal of us are put off our drink by the apoplectic blackguards by means of whom some breweries try to suggest that their products are good for the health. The Shell-Mex Exhibition showed that good artists could produce good posters, and now Messrs. Lund, Humphries and Co., printers and publishers, are showing at 12 Bedford Square, publicity designs by eight or nine painters, in the hope of attracting the attention of advertisers. Far the best work is by Miss Stella Steyn, whose posters are well designed, striking, and original. Certainly they will soon be an ornament to the hoardings. Several of the other exhibitors show good work, but too much of it is derivative. A poster needs not only to be good in itself, but different from other posters. Another agreeable exhibition is to be seen at the Central School of Arts and Crafts in Southampton Row. The Prague applied art is poor, except for the toys, which are an amusing interpretation of mechanical objects as seen through peasant eyes. But the Evening School for industrial workers at the Castello Sforzesco at Milan exhibits work of a notably high standard, especially the posters. In Italy public taste is even more squalid than in England: the new Milan station, for instance, quite outdoes anything here in ostentatious hideousness, and the new Vatican buildings are a disgrace to the Holy See. These Evening School designs shine like good deeds in a naughty world.

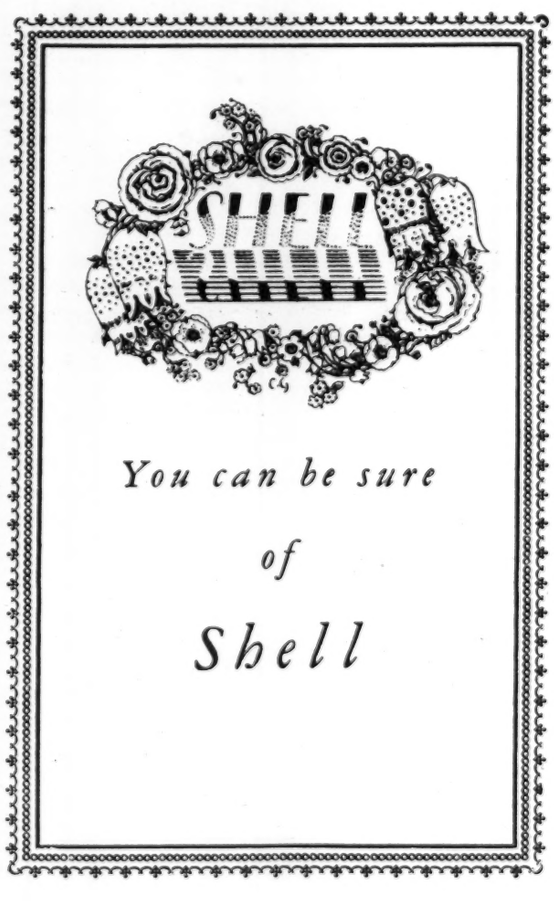
THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, July 27th—
Public Protest Meeting against the Incitement to Disaffection Bill. Speeches by C. E. M. Joad, D. N. Pritt, Rev. A. D. Belden, Tom Mann and others. Hampstead Town Hall, 8.
"You Never Can Tell," Malvern.
"One of These Things," Fortune Theatre.

SATURDAY, July 28th—
Lawn Tennis, Davis Cup Challenge Round, Wimbledon.
"Mutiny," Malvern.

TUESDAY, July 31st—
"French Salad," Westminster.
"As You Like It," Regent's Park.

THURSDAY, August 2nd—
Liberal Summer School, Randolph Hotel, Corn Market, Oxford. Till August 8th.
"She Shall Have Music," Saville Theatre.



Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

SHALL I apologise translation? Why but some holde (as for their free-hold) that such conversion is the subversion of Universities. God holde with them, and with-holde them from impeach or empaire. It were an ill-turne, the turning of bookes should be the overturning of libraries. Yea, but my olde fellow Nolano tolde me, and taught publikely, that from translation all Science had its of-spring. . . . Yea, but learning cannot be too common and the commoner the better.

Such is the beginning of *To the Curteous Reader* in Florio's Montaigne, an address which ends with equal good sense, though equally involved in form.

If thus doone it may please you, as I wish it may, and I hope it shall, I with you shall be pleased: though not yet, still am the same resolute John Florio.

Resolute is certainly the right adjective for a translator: it needs greater resolution to tread in the footsteps of a path-finder than to pioneer oneself. But in translating Montaigne, Florio needed less resolution than many of his greater contemporaries. We may believe that those responsible for the Authorised Version were above the weaknesses which lie in the translator's path. They can never have lost faith, never have felt doubt. But the resolution of Philemon Holland must have been enormous. Holland I think is the greatest single translator into English, excelling North in his style and in the volume of his work—Plutarch's *Lives*, though a solid book, is but a fraction of Livy, Pliny, Suetonius, Ammianus, Plutarch's *Morals* and Camden's *Britannia*. After these great works comes Florio's Montaigne, which in spite of its merits has very great drawbacks. As Miss Frances Yates says in her life *John Florio* (Cambridge University Press, 15s.): "He made, in fact, such a bad translation that it is nearly an original work . . . Montaigne's opinion reaches the English reader coloured by Florio's prejudices. The book provides the rather unusual experience of meeting two personalities at once. Many of his mistranslations are famous (as poison for *poisson*) but his chief fault is that he imposed a rich euphuistic flowery style, modelled on Sidney's *Arcadia*, on to a style of singular clarity and economy. The pages in which Miss Yates contrasts the styles of Montaigne and Florio—both the perfect outward expressions of the minds of the two men—are one of the best pieces of criticism in a very remarkable biography which has interested me more than any book I have read for several months. It throws a great deal of light on the most exciting period of our literary history. For example, if we turn back to the passage at the head of this page, we learn from Miss Yates's comments of the intense opposition with which the Tudor Translators had to contend from the Dons of Oxford (and no doubt also from those of Cambridge), and that my *olde fellow Nolano* was no less a person than Giordano Bruno the great astronomer and exponent of the Copernican system, who eventually perished at the stake for his astronomical and pantheistic heresies. Florio called Bruno *my olde fellow* because they had both been employed in the French Embassy in London. He had apparently been able to introduce Bruno to many important people in England such as Fulke Greville, Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney and possibly to Marlowe and Chapman. Florio was employed by the French Ambassador as an Italian tutor to his daughter and lived in his household, and there seems every likelihood that he used his position there as a spy of Walsingham's. This would have brought him in contact with Marlowe, whose atheism takes on a new complexion if we believe that he was a friend of Bruno's.

* * *

Florio's very name, as well as his taste for floweriness in literature, might have led one to guess that he was of Jewish extraction.

"I was never a Jew nor son of a Jew but born of a father and mother baptized as Papists like yourself; and if you should say that my ancestors were Hebrews before baptism, that I will not deny."

says Florio's father, who, beginning life an as Italian monk, became infected with the Protestant ideas of the Reformation and escaped to England where he became a protégé of Cecil's and the pastor of the Italian church which had just been started. In London he married (it is not known whether his wife was English) and earned his living by giving lessons in Italian, his most distinguished pupil being Lady Jane Grey, whose life he wrote eight years after her death. When her nine days' reign had ended in disaster, the elder Florio had to flee the country with his family to escape Mary's persecution. The exile found refuge in the Grisons where he became once more a Protestant pastor and was able to indulge in the dangerous occupation of theological polemics. Neither he nor apparently his son could hope to return to Italy. John Florio has been suggested as the source of Shakespeare's knowledge of Italy, but it seems that he was less likely than Shakespeare to have any first-hand experience of the country.

* * *

After his father's death John Florio returned to the country of his birth where he set about earning his living by giving Italian lessons, and was fortunate, like his father, in having the highest in the land among his pupils: the Earls of Southampton and Rutland, the Countess of Bedford, and finally the daughter of James I, Princess Elizabeth. He was Italian in culture and very apt to criticise and condemn the barbarity of English ways. But he was also violently Protestant, and having had a Puritanical upbringing was an inveterate hater of Papists and Jesuits. I do not think that Miss Yates sufficiently stresses that Florio could be particularly trusted by Walsingham and the Cecils because of his antecedents. He had an inherited hatred of Catholicism, an inherited devotion to the Cecils, and he would naturally do all in his power to defeat any conspiracy in favour of Mary Queen of Scots. In the house of the French Ambassador, who was in continual correspondence with her, Florio could be of immense service. Miss Yates is also inclined to believe that he was used to report on the political leanings of his pupils, particularly of those who belonged to the Essex faction.

* * *

As a language teacher Florio wrote his phrase books of English and Italian, but he was also early employed in translation, his first work of this kind being done for Hakluyt from an Italian translation of an account of Cartier's two voyages to New France. In a preface he urges the advantages of colonisation—ideas which he had no doubt borrowed from Hakluyt—as Miss Yates says "the remarkable thing about it is the date at which it was written, namely 1580." In this connection she makes a common slip when she says that it was in 1584 that "Raleigh *made* his first expedition to Virginia." For though Raleigh financed expeditions, he never went on one of them himself and never set foot in North America.

* * *

In all studies of the period, haunting the minds of scholars such as Miss Yates and of their readers, there is always a shadowy wraith round the corner—Shakespeare. Such questions as whether Florio was the original of Holofernes seem framed merely to torment. There are many hints to connect him with Shakespeare. For example Shakespeare seems to have used many of Florio's words and phrases. "*It were labour lost to speak of Love*," wrote Florio in his *Firstfruits*, and he seems to have been before Shakespeare with such words as *rough-hew* and *outstare*. And prefaced to Florio's more advanced phrase-book, the *Second Fruits*, is a sonnet from Phaeton to his friend Florio which has been attributed to Shakespeare and is certainly very Shakespearian. Most probably it is, as Miss Yates suggests, by Florio's brother-in-law Samuel Daniel. There is little doubt, however, that Florio's translation of Montaigne influenced Shakespeare greatly. Florio was a great favourite of Queen Anne and acted almost as a private secretary to her. On her death he was allowed nine yards of mourning and had to retire to Fulham where he went on translating, revising his Dictionary, and got into arrears with his rates.

DAVID GARNETT

A MINER'S DREAM OF HOME

A Collier's Friday Night. By D. H. LAWRENCE. With Preface by EDWARD GARNETT. *Secker.* 5s.

Mr. Garnett in his introduction tells us that D. H. Lawrence pencilled a note on the MS., saying that he was but twenty-one when he wrote the play, and that it was "Most horribly green." It is green, certainly, but only in contrast to the withered things that clutter the English stage and wait for a righteous judgment and a general burning. It is not a great play, not even a fine play, but it is a work which plainly shows the makings of a fine dramatist in Lawrence. There is in the work the three-coloured bud of force, humour, and dramatic feeling. There is, as Mr. Garnett points out in his introduction, a strong delineation of character, and the "'greenness' lies rather in the cocksureness of the author." But this "cocksureness" is only the undisciplined confidence of a young writer who knows too much and hasn't learned enough. It is a confidence that every young dramatist ought to have, must have, if he wants to put anything better than popular successes on to the stage. This cocksureness of Lawrence—childlike at times—is saturated with an intense and accurate feeling in the vision of the life of the family he seeks to set upon the stage. It isn't a play that the English managers would rush out to meet, though many of them are ever in the market place crying out for plays so that they may make hay while the sun shines or the rain falls; but the moment they get a play with the touch and go of life in it, they start to gibber like jays, close their eyes, shake their heads, and say, how long, oh Lord, how long! They are dead with a play, and dead without one.

Here is a play that was worth production when it was first written, and it is worth production now. Had Lawrence got the encouragement the play called for and deserved, England might have had a great dramatist. It's no use saying that the play was hid, and no-one knew about it; the point is that even had everyone known about it the play would not have been produced, for the play is too good in essence to ensure a shower of gold into a manager's lap. Life has vanished, and art has vanished off the English stage. The pomp and circumstance of glorious life has been degraded down to the inglorious pomp and circumstance of a bed.

The play gives us, in the description of its scene even, a fine and lively idea of an English miner's home. It gives us a fine and sharp representation of a clash between a tired-out workman and his tired-out wife, and the clash between these two and their children. It gives us, too, an acute scene of a clash between woman and man, and woman and woman. Not as a cocktail-nourished dramatist gives them gives he them unto us, but as an earnest and young man, surprised and perplexed, sees them and feels them for the first time. The play is weak in dramatic action; it is not graceful, neither is there in it the sound of silken garments moving, but there is the sweat of life in it, and that is something. Some part of the play sinks to softness; a lot of it is hard and even brutal, and it ends on a note of puzzling, strange, and striking pathos. He shows us that the miner thinks more of the Miner's Arms than he thinks of the Miner's Dream of Home, which isn't a pleasant thing to the huge leaven of the sentimentally diseased among the great gang of theatre-goers.

There is a fine picture in the play when Lambert, the father, first enters. He is, the directions say, "a man of middling stature, a miner, and black from the pit. . . . He wears a grey-and-black neckerchief, and, being coatless, his arms are bare to the elbows, where end the loose dirty sleeves of his flannel singlet." He gets hold of the table, and pulls it nearer the fire, away from his daughter.

> The Daughter: Why can't you leave the table where it was. We don't *want* it stuck on top of the fire.
> Father: Ah dun, if you dunna.

Here, in a few chosen words, is sharply and closely depicted the irritated selfishness of the old man, and the corresponding irritated selfishness of the young daughter. It is very clever and very good.

There is humour at the edge and in the core of the play. Humour over the old man's damp breeches, when he ejaculates a naughty expression that sets his wife and his daughter's friend laughing, and flashes a flush of shame on to his daughter's cheeks; humour in the washing of his back by his wife who claps an ice-cold flannel on it and makes him yell resentment; humour in the visiting miner pounding "The Maiden's Prayer" out of the piano; and humour over the baking of the bread when Ernest, deep in his puzzling and shrinking battle with the girls, forgets what he ought to do, and lets the loaves be burned to a cinder.

There is a gleam of poetry in the play when Ernest, after reading from a French book, says:

> That's what they can do in France. It's so heavy and full and voluptuous: like oranges falling and rolling a little way along a dark-blue carpet: like twilight outside when the lamp's lighted.

Vivid flashes of anger and rage light up the quarrel between the old man and the young boy, and, later on, like sad summer lightning, the softer anger of the mother lightens the scene in which the woman's jealousy rebukes her son for allowing a girl to gather attentions from him that she wistfully and foolishly thinks to be still due to her.

It is maddening to think of the stillness that lay around the evident possibilities in Lawrence to create drama. A little more experience, a little more encouragement, and, in Lawrence, England might have had a great dramatist. It is no use saying that with more experience he wrote additional plays, plays deeper and greater than this effort of twenty-one. There never was a chance of him moving behind the curtain, and so getting into intimate touch with the hidden life of the theatre. The bugs and the bears of the theatre gave him the back of their hand. He came into the theatre, and the theatre received him not. Even to-day there isn't a theatre in England in which a writer like Lawrence would be certain to get a chance. Millions of money spent on football; millions of money spent on cricket; football grounds and cricket pitches everywhere, but ne'er a theatre to make a new-born dramatist sure of himself. And the community singers still sing Land of Hope and Glory. A great dramatist might have come from the ready acceptance of *A Collier's Friday Night*. Many and many a far worse play has been put on by the Abbey Theatre. There were the makings of a fine dramatist in D. H. Lawrence, but he is gone now, and the chance is gone forever with him.

SEAN O'CASEY

ANDRÉ GIDE

André Gide. His Life and His Work. By LÉON PIERRE-QUINT. Translated by DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

M. Léon Pierre-Quint's study of André Gide is a far less illuminating production than the book he has already devoted to the life and genius of Marcel Proust. But then, his subject is less absorbing. Proust's work, though of great incidental interest to any student of early twentieth-century manners, shows as yet no signs of wear and tear—the fascination of his novels seems to increase every time we read them—while Gide's novels belong essentially to a particular period and possess a charm that may be almost unintelligible to the generation of readers that is now growing up. For Gide was peculiarly the prophet of youth. He has been attacked by stern moralists who see in him—perhaps more justifiably—what Athenian diehards saw in Socrates: a charmer destined to lead the young astray, a sophist who uses great verbal dexterity to serve his own ambiguous, amoral and unpatriotic ends, in short, a disturbing and subversive influence. Sensitive youth loves to be disturbed. And why not? asks M. Gide. Himself a perplexed and uneasy character, he has done his best to disseminate his uneasiness. "When visited by a stranger (M. Pierre-Quint informs us) his first question would be: 'Tell me, are you uneasy?' In pronouncing these words, leaning towards his interlocutor and slightly dropping his voice, he seemed to evoke the whole of human anguish. . . . For Gide, the question could have only one meaning: 'Do you fear God?'"

It must be admitted that both the query, in its original form, and M. Pierre-Quint's interpretation of it, may strike an English reader as a little over-portentous, not to say a little absurd. But it brings back a vivid impression of the novelist. Since M. Gide, in *Si le grain ne meurt*, has spared himself no personal revelation, it may not be impertinent to recall that large smooth domed head, the bushy drawn-down eyebrows and the grey inquisitive—in certain aspects, somewhat furtive—eyes, which look out, sharply and dubiously, at a casual admirer. Like Baudelaire, he is apt to suggest the *mauvais prêtre*—the priest who has lost but not forgotten his religion, who is anti-religious through excess of religious feeling, moralist or voluptuary *malgré lui*. Puritanism is an important part of his literary make-up. Indeed, this writer, who has caused more scandal than any other contemporary prophet, cannot quite forget his early religious training and that he is descended from devout Protestant forefathers. Had he been

educated to regard the pursuit of happiness as a normal and legitimate end of human life, would he have been thus perturbed to discover that, in his own adult life, the attainment of happiness did not coincide with hard-and-fast moral standards? A large section of his work is based upon the conflict between desires that cannot be suppressed and a moral bias that cannot be shaken off. Finally, he makes a virtue of the conflict. *L'Immoraliste* evokes the period when Gide, as recounted in *Si le grain ne meurt*, settled at Biskra and, apparently for the first time, gave his inclinations free play. He announced that he no longer believed in sin—a cry echoed by *Les nourritures terrestes*. For the moment he thought that he had found freedom and voiced his sense of freedom in a prose rhapsody.

But tranquillity and Gide are hard to reconcile. Returning to Paris, "his disillusionment (we learn from his biographer) was so cruel that . . . he meditated suicide." After *nourritures terrestes*, he published *Saül*, *L'Immoraliste* and, six years later, *La porte étroite*. The last work appeared in 1908. *Les caves du Vatican*, his most successful *sotie*, was not published till 1914. All these books seem to be haunted by an odd *malaise*, an uneasiness of which the cause is sometimes stated but more often remains pervasive and implicit. Even Gide's humour is faintly uncomfortable. *Les caves du Vatican* is a brilliantly amusing farce; but through the comedy stalks Lafcadio, the ruthless adolescent, author of a fantastic private discipline, who realises himself by committing an atrocious murder. . . .

The beauty of his crime is its lack of motive. It is a "gratuitous action," one "born of itself," a gesture completely disinterested because—though M. Gide prefers to explain its import in a different way—it has neither rhyme nor reason and is, in fact, entirely senseless. A great deal of nonsense has been written about Gide's theory of "l'acte gratuit." No act ever has been, or ever can be, disinterested; and it is strange that it should not have occurred to M. Gide that his hero was merely showing off, albeit for his own edification, when he precipitated a fellow-traveller from the railway-carriage. Were Leopold and Loeb students of Gide? But it would be unkind to press the horrid similarity. Lafcadio merely typifies the revolt against puritanism and is the product of an author whose own youth was passed in bondage.

Si le grain ne meurt and *Corydon*—his autobiography and an examination of the sexual instinct, written from a homosexual point of view—completed the havoc among respectable and right-thinking readers that had been begun by *l'Immoraliste*, *Les caves du Vatican* and other books. *Les Faux-monnayeurs* did nothing to repair the damage. . . . Latterly, M. Gide has continued the attack on his early education by declaring himself a Communist, for Communism opposes Church and family, and Church and family, he says, are the chief enemies of all young Frenchmen. His one-time Catholic friends are now his opponents. M. Pierre-Quint heads his fourth chapter "Serenity" and draws a pretty picture of M. Gide looking down on life from the calm pinnacles of advanced middle age, a Prometheus whose vulture has grown old and mild. "Are you uneasy?" he asks a newcomer; and adds: "Because, personally, I am no longer so." But M. Gide has instructed us to cherish our vultures; and this cannot include keeping them on short rations.

COLERIDGE

Coleridge: Studies by Several Hands on the Hundredth Anniversary of his Death. Edited by EDMUND BLUNDEN and EARL LESLIE GRIGGS. *Constable*. 10s. 6d.

It sometimes happens that a volume of commemorative essays, centenary acclamations, "Homage to . . ." etc., is handicapped by the eminence of its list of contributors. Famous writers are not often famous for their powers of occasional writing, and the mass assumption of geniality will often be surprisingly reminiscent of a Christmas Number. Moreover, the particular kind of impressive writing connected with this particular kind of eulogy—a manner so distinctive that future text-books of style are likely to refer to it as "memorialese"—loses its attraction after a few pages. The editors of *Coleridge Memorial Studies* have avoided the dangers and surmounted the difficulties by making the centenary an excuse for a series of authoritative essays, varied by small but by no means insignificant pieces of research of the type which are usually rather inaccessibly buried in such publications as *Modern Language Notes*, and choosing for their contributors scholars who certainly do not need an admonitory introduction to remind us that all of them are "distinguished."

Merits and themes are so various that the principal items must be noted *seriatim*. First comes a biographical section, in which the chief contribution is a presentation by the Rev. G. H. B. Coleridge of part of his father's unfinished Life of Coleridge. Its importance can be seen from the fact that two obscure years are covered—1796, a great part of which Coleridge spent in trying to avoid wife-supporting jobs; and 1800, when he was either writing for the *Morning Post*, or complaining that he was wasting his talents by so doing. The first chapter, in the manner of the post-Darwinian, but pre-psycho, analytic biography of the period, concentrates on ancestors.

The credit which E. H. C. tends to give to the maternal line for Coleridge's poetical genius, Mr. Blunden is inclined to attribute to the romantic cloisters of Christ's Hospital. Mr. Blunden's essay is disappointingly modest, but the side-subject he chooses is the fascinating one of Coleridge's schooldays, Dr. Jemmy Boyer, and the embryonic aspect of Coleridge's earliest verse. Then comes a really first-class literary joke, a minor biographical discovery. Mr. A. J. Eagleston has found, apparently among Home Office papers, confirmation of Coleridge's *Biographia* story, which has always sounded too good to be true, of the mysterious Government spy to whose attentions, after their association with the notorious Jacobin Thelwall at Stowey, Coleridge and Wordsworth were subject. A file of the all too obviously genuine official correspondence has been found. It opens with a letter from a Dr. Lysons, the local protector of his country. He sends a secret description of the Wordsworths:

> . . . a very suspicious business concerning an emigrant family, who have contrived to get possession of a Mansion House at Alfoxten. . . . I am since informed, that the Master of the House has no wife with him, but only a woman who passes for his Sister. The man has Camp Stools, which he and his visitors take with them when they go about the country upon their nocturnal or diurnal excursions, and have also a Portfolio in which they enter their observations. . . . They have been heard to say they should be rewarded for them. . . .

The more customary headings come later. Coleridge's bibliographer, Dr. Haney, brings up to date his own invaluable

ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE

by

Drs. A. COSTLER, A. WILLY

and others, under the Editorship of

NORMAN HAIRE, Ch.M., M.B.

"It is certain that millions of Europeans are more ignorant in some sexual matters than the benighted heathen of the Pacific, and that this ignorance causes immeasurable and unnecessary suffering.

The *Encyclopaedia*, edited by Dr. Haire, contains a mass of information which needs to spread. . . . Chapter after chapter in the book contains information which every Tom, Dick and Harriet ought to possess . . . there is nothing of 'le rêveur inutile' about the authors of the *Encyclopaedia*. They are lucid, unshocked, eminently sensible."

RAYMOND MORTIMER in *The New Statesman*.

Price **36s.**

Owing to great demand, orders received by return at Pre-publication price

29s. 6d.

First edition exhausted, second edition now ready.

FRANCIS ALDOR

4 BUCKNALL STREET

LONDON WC2

register of books containing Coleridge's marginal notes: Mr. Harold Beeley summarises the evolution of Coleridge's political ideas, showing that the ideas really were ideas, and not notions, and that the evolution really was an evolution, and not, as in the case of Southey, a mere tergiversation from Young Man Left to Old Man Right: Professor Muirhead continues his gallant attempt to accredit Coleridge's metaphysic in the eyes of the world of academic philosophy, drawing a new parallel between Coleridge and Jacobi, with whose work Coleridge shows himself to be familiar. For this the converted will again be grateful, but the unconverted, to whom Professor Muirhead is preaching, are likely to remain so, if they are of the school which regards the ability to be "influenced," not as a power of synthesis from which a new consciousness can be emergent, but as a weakness, reflecting adversely on the originality of the thinker.

Now for the poetry, and Professor George McClean Harper. A little disappointing, although Professor Harper has had the useful idea of making a list of the unfamiliar good lines which he has succeeded in sifting out from the unanthologised verses. In the *Destiny of Nations*, for instance, he has found this beautiful description of Joan of Arc:

> Yet sure she was a gentle maid!
> And in each motion her most innocent soul
> Beamed forth so brightly. . . .

(Does not Coleridge somewhere thus describe Dorothy?) Yet eminent man of letters as Professor Harper is, it seems to me that sometimes in his connecting matter he lapses into the dreaded memorialese. "He who could unweave the magic of *Kubla Khan* could make the sun and moon stand still"; and quoting a somewhat ranting passage from *Religious Musings*, in which Coleridge describes the "pale-eyed form, the victim of seduction," his comment is:

> Pity, more than prudence, is or should be the most effectual restraint upon the sexual passion in man. Who, with the following lines in his memory, could seduce a woman or add to the misery of one already debased to prostitution?

Last comes a very charming and sad letter from the divine Sara Coleridge, describing her father's death to her brother Hartley. The letter ends with an appropriate anti-climax from Mrs. Coleridge, who adds a postscript:

> I hope you have got your mourning hat, etc. Mrs. W. will lend the money to pay for it. . . .

The unemphatic close fits the good qualities of this book, which, the editors will agree, is successful in implying, rather than in describing, the greatness of Coleridge: we are spared an article on "Coleridge the Man," to set beside the facts and demonstrated ideas, because there can be no short study of the staggering powers of experience and utterance which give the facts their meaning and make the ideas—to use a favourite word of their creator's—seminative. But to be shown the heterogeneity of the circles of interest which such a man leaves revolving in his wake is almost as impressive.

STEPHEN POTTER

TOLERATION

Ethics and Moral Tolerance. By ARTHUR KENYON ROGERS. *Macmillan.* 10s.

It is not difficult to find fault with Mr. Rogers' book, and some of the faults are serious. But the book remains none the less a most important piece of work, admirable in many of its aims, and with great merits in the author's methods. The most important merit of all is that it is concerned with problems of obvious and immediate interest to intelligent people, and that it is written in a style that should be comprehensible to anyone reasonably familiar with the American language.

The book is an attempt to produce an empirical and practical system of ethics, and a discussion of some of the problems that arise from the application of such a system to the real world. Particularly Mr. Rogers is concerned with the problems of "standards" and the character of arguments on moral issues. The other merits of the book are its thoroughgoing empiricism and scientific common sense, and a readiness to treat ethical problems as matters for psychological inquiry rather than metaphysical dispute. The problems that receive attention are chiefly practical and common-sense problems, often political or semi-political in character, and needing solutions in practice as well as theory. And Mr. Rogers possesses the gift, rare in philosophers, of oleration and good sense, so that even when his general theories are open to question, his particular remarks are shrewd and interesting.

The most serious general fault of the book is a certain vagueness in the general plan (there is no index, and no summary of the argument), and a lack of exactness and rigour in the discussion which seems to allow contradictory statements to occur. Nor is it always clear when Mr. Rogers is engaged in the exposition of others' theories, when in that of his own, nor even how much of rival theories he has accepted. There are, for instance, some very sound criticisms of both Dewey and Hartmann, but the fundamental incompatibility of an idealist metaphysical absolutism like Hartmann's with Mr. Rogers own scientific empiricism is not brought out nearly as strongly as it needs to be if we are to see exactly why Hartmann's theories are being rejected.

Mr. Rogers' own theory may be summarised as the view that good is the quality we attribute to what gives pleasure, that is, the object of a sentiment of approval. But owing, perhaps, to some weakness in his empiricism, and a somewhat uncritical attitude towards language and abstractions, he seems to be somewhat unclear as to what sort of things are capable of being good, and to accept even rather distant means, such as "money," as being "good things." Nor do the grounds for supposing that only pleasures can be the objects of acts of approval, or that the feeling of approval is always pleasant, seem very secure. It appears to be the case that men approve of and judge valuable even their own pains, and that approvals can sometimes be "unwillingly extorted." I think Mr. Rogers has damaged a sound case by including such hedonistic assumptions, and indeed by a generally uncritical attitude towards psychological assumptions (for instance, he does not consider any of the discoveries of psychoanalysis in his discussion of conscience and the ideas of right and wrong). Hedonism usually gets its plausibility from just such verbal confusions, which lead to an extension of "pleasure" until it is synonymous with "good" or "approved," or whatever name is to be used for the final facts of ethics. If "pleasure" is strictly defined as a psychological quality similar to that found in certain admittedly pleasant experiences, it is easy enough to see that hedonism is simply a theory that fits many of the facts, but not all. But in spite of this unnecessary false assumption, and the confusions of means and ends that arise from the dubious metaphysics of supposing sentiments of approval to have any but a distant casual relation to the abstractions that pass as "good things," Mr. Rogers' main argument does appear to be substantially true. Whatever goodness may be, it is certainly only known about through our feelings and judgments of approval.

The main bulk of Mr. Rogers' book, however, is concerned with a discussion of "standards"—that is, of the possibilities of arguments as to the presence or degree of goodness in a thing. Mr. Rogers is anxious to discover such standards, since they seem to be necessary premises to most arguments about conduct—particularly political conduct. They are, of course, particularly important as arguments for various reactionary and Fascist policies, and—or so Mr. Rogers seems to suggest—as liberal arguments against them. Recognising that an empirical and naturalist theory cannot produce standards that are in any sense binding and compulsory, Mr. Rogers proceeds to make some rather sweeping assumptions about the empirical psychological similarities of the human race. He admits the possibilities of fundamental differences in human nature, and uses this, very rightly, as an argument for tolerance. But, perhaps because of previous confusions about means and ends, he appears to assume that any "rational" discussion of ethical problems must be a discussion of the goodness or badness of "things" based on the moral convictions of often opposed parties. He is, in fact, in search of some argument that will argue a man out of his judgments of approval, and he is inclined to suppose that such an argument exists in appeals to intellectual self-respect and consistency.

Yet it would appear that intellectual self-respect is no more a final universal and absolute good than any other state of mind, and appeals to it no more than methods of persuasion, similar to other methods of persuasion. A thoroughgoing ethical empiricism is something a good deal bleaker, but also perhaps more intellectually consistent, than Mr. Rogers' compromise between a mitigated hedonism and "standards." If it is impossible to produce an argument whose conclusions will be an "ought," we can produce perfectly sound arguments as to what courses of action will probably produce the greatest quantities of any defined sort of good. Such arguments will have no necessary connection with anyone's moral convictions, and will be unlikely to give any sort of emotional satisfaction. They will make ethics into an investigation of the

BOOKS FROM JONATHAN CAPE'S LIST

André Gide: his life and work

LÉON PIERRE-QUINT

'M. Pierre-Quint, who has written brilliantly on Marcel Proust, has also published the best study of André Gide which has yet been composed. A brilliant monograph.'
HAROLD NICOLSON in the Telegraph

'Genius is sometimes difficult to transplant, and among modern instances there is none so striking as Gide's. As a guide we could not do better than take M. Pierre-Quint's study; it is a complete survey of Gide's work by a critic who is sympathetic and who has personal knowledge of his subject.' HERBERT READ, Spectator

The Old School edited by GRAHAM GREENE

An original cross-section: the contributors write freely and amusingly about their school-days—at every kind of school—and controversy is in the air. The authors are W. H. Auden, H. E. Bates, Theodora Benson, Elizabeth Bowen, Arthur Calder-Marshall, Walter Greenwood, L. P. Hartley, Harold Nicolson, Séan O'Faoláin, William Plomer, Anthony Powell, J. N. Richards, E. Arnot Robertson, Stephen Spender, Derek Verschoyle, E. L. Grant Watson, Antonia White and the editor. 7s. 6d.

The Mystical Life

ROGER BASTIDE

'As a conscientiously fair consideration from various external standpoints of the recorded experiences of certain mystics, his book may be commended to the critically curious.'
MANCHESTER GUARDIAN 7s. 6d.

Crack of Whips

H. A. MANHOOD tales

By the author of 'Nightseed,' 'Gay Agony.' 'He writes with a sureness that rarely falters. The stories are firmly yet flexibly constructed; they have a point. Connoisseurs will find much to enjoy.' TELEGRAPH 7s. 6d.

A Foreigner Looks at India

P. STAAL

Mr. Staal is a Dutchman, who for some time held the post of Consul-General at Calcutta. 'He expresses his views upon the Indian problem with lucidity, moderation, manliness and understanding.' HAROLD NICOLSON 7s. 6d.

The Ladies

STANLEY HOPKINS

'This is a first novel; but neither in style nor subject does it reveal a trace of immaturity . . . an intensely absorbing chronicle of life.' PETER QUENNELL in the Statesman. 7s. 6d.

Travels of a Chinese Poet: Tu Fu

FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

'. . . This book is almost wholly given up to Tu Fu's poetry. The result is a clearer and truer impression both of Tu Fu's personality, and of his quality as poet. He comes out here a more valiant, loving and lovable figure, and his poems reveal their form and essence more fully in the English. . . The beautiful etchings of Chinese scenes by Lucille Douglass add greatly to the interest and value of the book.' MANCHESTER GUARDIAN. VOL II. A.D. 759–770 21s.

Winged Victory

V. M. YEATES

'Admirable, wholly admirable. An imperishable pleasure.' T. E. SHAW.
'This is a late War book; it is one of the very best.' THE TIMES
'In detail, accuracy, and variety, in knowledge of tactics of the motions of an aeroplane and the emotions of the man in it, these descriptions of Tom Amdall's War compose incomparably the finest picture of air warfare that has yet been painted.' BARRINGTON 10s. 6d.

One's Company—a journey to China—Peter Fleming—August 3rd
Author of 'Brazilian Adventure'

JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

brute facts of human psychology rather than a philosophical substitute for religious guidance. But probably they are the only kind of ethics that will be found intellectually satisfying.

JULIAN BELL

BRUCE AND LINKLATER

Robert the Bruce. By ERIC LINKLATER. *Peter Davies.* 5s.

This book will not, I think, add materially to the lustre of Mr. Linklater's laurels. It is conscientious and, within the limits imposed, thorough. But it lacks imagination, and rather runs to a wordy emptiness. "An imaginative persistency in attack and constant emulation of the edacious quality of time were its most notable characteristics": does this not painfully remind us of the Scot who never leaves one road for another but always "diverges," who prefers to the brief consolations of a "drink" the sounding syllables of "refreshment"?

Mr. Linklater, in fact, does not seem to have made up his mind, before beginning to write, either about the Bruce or about the book he was going to dedicate to him. A brief biography, to be of any value, must surely concentrate upon the character of which it is a biography, using the incidents of that character's story to fill in and clarify the portrait. For detail for its own sake most readers will turn to a full-length documented study. True, it is not easy to establish the personality of Robert Bruce across so many centuries. Mr. Linklater reminds us that we do not even know whether he was beautiful. But that hardly matters. "By their deeds shall ye know them"; and the deeds of Robert Bruce and of his brother Edward do tell us of vivid and dramatic personalities, such as might have fired the imaginations of a Shakespeare or a Marlowe. Even at the risk of using too much imagination, their biographer ought to be able to reconstruct a picture commensurate with their deeds. Mr. Linklater has played too much for safety, or been too indolent to fire his book with even a particle of Bruce's fiery nature.

In his first chapter he apologises for retelling the story of the Bruce, and needlessly. That story is one of the stories of the world. For good or evil, Robert Bruce made Scotland, and that was no mean achievement. One has but to consider the history of Ireland to appreciate what Bruce did and what he meant, not only for his country but also, indirectly, for the world. In his closing chapter Mr. Linklater attempts to describe the man, but he has not *realised* him with any intensity, and so cannot convey to his readers more than a shifting, incomplete, and tantalising glimpse.

FLORA GRIERSON

Minnow among Tritons

MRS. COLERIDGE'S UNPUBLISHED LETTERS TO THOMAS POOLE · EDITED BY STEPHEN POTTER

Mrs. Coleridge's favourite word is "respectable," but it was her fate to be Married to Genius—and to S. T. C. at that. The "intimate details" of which these letters consist are significant because they really are intimate, they really do touch Coleridge's life closely.

This is a limited edition, consisting of 675 copies, price 16s. It will not be reissued. Orders should be placed without delay. Now ready.

George Chapman

AN ESSAY BY HAVELOCK ELLIS WITH AN ANTHOLOGY

New facts and new interpretations make this a propitious time for a revaluation and revelation of Chapman's quality. No other selection of his poetry is available, and no other appreciation of his genius has appeared since Swinburne's eulogy.

The Nonesuch edition is limited to 550 copies at 17s. 6d. and 100 copies in whole leather at £2 7s. 6d. Now ready.

Nonesuch

THRILLERS

Miss Mitchell. By HUGH BROOKE. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
The Bravo of London. By ERNEST BRAMAH. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.
Death in the Dovecot. By Q. PATRICK. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.
Poison for One. By JOHN RHODE. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
Sweet Enemy. By CLAUD SCHUSTER. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.
Stampede. By E. B. MANN. *Hurst and Blackett.* 3s. 6d.
Jet and Ivory. By RUSSELL THORNDIKE. *Rich and Cowan.* 8s. 6d.

An ingenious discourse (which fortunately I am not qualified to pronounce) might be based on the thesis that the English novel will never regain its proper stature until an end is made of the unnatural dichotomy to which this article is a testimony. Here are seven books not all distinguished but all at least readable, lively stories. Yet with one exception, the authors seem to present themselves with a poor but honest cringe, protesting that they are not serious writers, but only entertainers of the tired business man, humbly hopeful but expectant of the bird. This is too bad. Why should the telling of an ingenious or fantastic story be treated as an artistic crime? The art of fiction began with the folk tale, which laid down the true canon, viz., that the extraordinary is the electuary by which people can be persuaded to swallow the bitter medicine that is the price of daily life. Every first-class novel is in essence a fable or a parable. But recently a prejudice has sprung up against the fabulous, while the parabolic manner has become self-conscious and cranky.

Broadly, the case seems to be this. The novel was originally written for the delectation of men—a *satura lanx* of adventures and manners and philosophy that might be on occasion far-fetched, but always contrived to present life. So long as men were the regular reading class all was well. But towards the end of the eighteenth century women (and also some classes of men not hitherto regarded as literate) contracted the bad habit of reading. For them Mrs. Radcliffe and Sir Walter Scott invented the romance, the point of which was that it should combine the maximum of excitement with the minimum of risk to maidenly cheeks and chastity and never show any aspect of life that could not be regarded without a blush. The Victorian novelists made a brilliant attempt to blend the novel and the romance, and be read with equal zest by both sexes, but it was only a makeshift that served its lucrative turn. The two elements could not combine indefinitely. Now after the lapse of a century the position of the novel has been reversed. "Serious" works of fiction are now written for (and largely by) women. Comparatively few men read them. What most men read is the modern analogue to the romance, the "thriller."

Hugh Brooke's *Miss Mitchell* is the exception to the rule of humility observed by modern authors who like a strong plot. There is perhaps essentially more situation than plot in the tale—a situation that one can imagine Henry James playing with till all was blue-black, a subtle, power-loving woman of the witch type, exploiting the reactions of a young girl towards an exotic elderly man who lies under suspicion of having murdered her father. It is a queer, laboured, story, recalling here Poe and there Lytton, with every now and then a little burst of original beauty. The pity is that Miss Mitchell herself never appears as a real snake, but only a nasty little white slug. Even her melodramatic end in flames and crashing masonry is rather tame. Ulrica at Torquilstone made a better show.

Miss Mitchell is one of the tribe who are possessed with *odium humani generis* by reason of being afflicted with ill looks or poverty coupled with an acute consciousness of superior abilities. Mr. Ernest Bramah's Julian Joolby is another. He is hideously ugly, a cripple and an epileptic, and for the first hundred pages or so one is really fascinated. And then Mr. Bramah suddenly gets tired of him and his Chinese factotum (who looks most promising, but never performs anything) and the tale relapses into common-form Edgar Wallace. Naturally Mr. Bramah's famous blind sleuth, Max Carrados, plays a heavy part; but

John Murray

Ready Next Thursday

SEED OF ADAM

A remarkable first novel

By VIOLET CAMPBELL

Second Large Impression before Publication

A full-blooded, gripping novel of modern life, telling, with quite extraordinary power and passion, of the thoughts that breed in the mind of man—and of woman; of the actions that flow from these thoughts, and of the consequences. *7s. 6d.* net.

Just Out

HITLER'S WONDERLAND

By MICHAEL FRY

A vivid and comprehensive study of Nazism from its first abortive bid for power up to and including the events of June 30th, 1934. The author is a journalist of wide European experience. *7s. 6d.* net.

PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA

By LADY EVELYN COBBOLD

"Lady Evelyn will deserve a place of her own in the records of Arabian travel."—*Sunday Times.* With 19 Illustrations and Map. *10s. 6d.* net.

MY GARDEN DIARY

By MAUDE HAWORTH-BOOTH

"A really useful and well-written garden book."—*The Field.* With a Preface by William Robinson. With 21 Illustrations and Chart. *7s. 6d.* net.

NEW 7/6 net FICTION

THREE MEN AND DIANA

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"Diana is a very lovable person, presented in the best Kathleen Norris manner."—*Daily Telegraph.*

PELICANS IN THE SKY

By HAROLD BALDWIN

"Mr. Baldwin has told his story well; and it makes very good reading."—*The News Chronicle.*

CHILDREN OF THE HILLS

By ALLAN GOVAN

"Shows a decided ability to delineate character, and the spirit of sincerity and vigour."—*Country Life.*

ALBEMARLE ST · LONDON · W·1

Prefaces by Bernard Shaw

with woodcut title page by John Farleigh

802 pp. 12s. 6d. net

Uniform with the *Complete Plays*

Manchester Guardian: "The prefaces offer the world's greatest switchback railway for the mentally active—at rather more than five pages a penny."

Constable

Williams & Norgate

Tented Schools

Camping as a technique of Education

(Just Out) by DOROTHY REVEL *3s. 6d. net*

Senior Mistress, Forest School

Partly a handbook for running children's camps, it differs from most camping handbooks in that it relates camping to education as a whole, of which the author advocates it should eventually became an integral part.

The Single Woman

by R. L. DICKINSON and L. BEAM *21s. net*

Continues the Medical Study of Sex Adjustment begun in "A Thousand Marriages."

This book continues the study of the sex education of women begun in "A Thousand Marriages — A Medical Study of Sex Adjustment." It is the first medical analysis of the single woman as such.

Parenthood

A Manual of Birth Control

by MICHAEL FIELDING

Preface by H. G. Wells

The author is a medical man writing under a pseudonym.

110th THOUSAND. New (Third) Edition

"The most moderate, clear and useful presentation of the case for birth control that we have yet seen."—*The British Medical Journal.*

Cloth 3s. 6d. net. *Paper 2s. net.*

LITTLE RUSSELL STREET

although one must always be charitable towards the blind, dear Uncle Max presumes just a little too much.

The "thriller's" appeal is still mainly masculine, as it ought to be. But women respect no sanctities, and some, like Dorothy Sayers and Agatha Christie, have the impudence to excel male practitioners in flights of fancy and neatness of technique. So long as they are making the male appeal they may be tolerated, and even encouraged *vogue la galère*. But when it comes to building up a special kind of "thriller" for women only, such as Q. Patrick's *Death in the Dovecot*—as a spelling I should prefer "dovecote"—the average man may be pardoned for a certain sense of grievance. Here again the hate and power motive comes in, but the criminal is rather dim and dull as well as dowdy. We are much more interested in the charming personality of Deborah Entwistle, the plump and comely middle-aged spinster who makes all things clear; and many will look forward to meeting her again.

There is an amusing passage in Q. Patrick's tale, parodying the common type of thriller in which everything turns on the criminal's mechanical ingenuity. *Poison for One* is a very good example. The victim succumbs to hydrocyanic acid fumes, puffed at him from a common india-rubber hot-water bottle. (If I am reproached for giving the show away, I can only plead that the lurid dust-cover blabs a great deal more.)

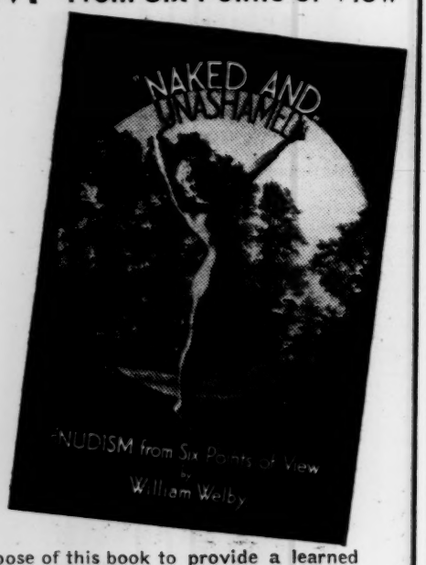
Of the remaining books on my list two might almost be described as "for boys." The hero of *Sweet Enemy* is one of that mighty horde of gallant young English gentlemen who were employed by Pitt as secret agents and met all the best and bloodiest people and witnessed all the best and bloodthirsty spectacles of the French Revolution. *Stampede* is cowboy-stuff-cum-mystery, and there's no more to be said. Mr. Russell Thorndike's *Jet and Ivory* is more ambitious. The familiar legend of the "elephants' cemetery" gives him his motive. His scene is Egypt and his atmosphere correctly military. For the rest I cannot improve on the blurb, which describes it as "a story of love and intrigue and adventure, which fully maintains the standard of excitement, swift action, and clear cut characterisation that one can rely upon from this author." It is a good fat book, too, for the giving of short measure has never been one of Mr. Thorndike's failings.

DONALD CARSWELL

NUDISM—From Six Points of View

CONTENTS

Foreword by Dr. Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B.
Introduction
The Historical Point of View
The Moral Point of View
The Health Point of View
The Psychological Point of View
The Æsthetic Point of View
The Common Sense Point of View



3/6 NET
(Postage 3d.)

It is not the purpose of this book to provide a learned discourse, neither is it intended as a text book, nor as propaganda for or against Nudism. The subject is dealt with from the Historical, the Modern, the Health, the Psychological, the Æsthetic and the Common Sense points of view, and it is planned to provide for its readers information which will assist them to form a sensible judgment free from fallacies and prejudices.

Illustrated by
15 Full Page Art Plates of
Beautiful Nature Studies

THORSONS, Publishers, Dept. 169, 91, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2

CIVIS ROMANUS SUM

Giuseppe Garibaldi. By DAVID LARG. *Davies.* 15s.

The seeds of the Risorgimento were first planted in Piedmont and Lombardy by the Sans Culottes army of 1796. By a series of swift and conclusive victories Napoleon was enabled to drive out the Austrians and to form the Cisalpine and Ligurian republics; and although later, when his theories of government became more orthodox, he tended to hand over these experimental republics to the more successful of his relatives and marshals, the idea that the Italians were one people remained firmly rooted in the Italian consciousness. More than seventy years were to pass before this conception was realised—years of abortive revolutions, of perpetual intrigue, of misunderstandings between men with fundamentally the same objects at heart. The revolutionary tactics of Mazzini and the conservative statesmanship of Cavour could never agree. While the end was the same for both men the means by which they hoped to achieve that end were radically opposed; and Garibaldi, in some ways the greatest of the triumvirate, was by nature antipathetic both to the conspiratorial method of the one and to the old-fashioned diplomatic juggling of the other. At first sight it would seem something of a miracle that the efforts of these three men should be crowned with complete success, until one realises that each in his own sphere was indispensable. Each represented an element without which Italian unity could never have been compounded. Mazzini's secret societies were links in a long chain stretching from Turin to Palermo; Cavour's diplomacy prevented interference from outside, and the indomitable spirit of Garibaldi was the deciding factor that gave a single government to all Italy.

Garibaldi's life falls naturally into three parts, and Mr. Larg has planned his biography on this consideration. The first part is devoted to his youth and South American adventures; the second covers the political and military activities which led to the glorious but premature defence of Rome; and the third includes the Sicilian expedition and ends with the anti-climax of Aspromonte. There is a short coda in which the last years of his life are briefly discussed, with an interesting appendix on Garibaldi's comparatively successful operations against the Prussians in 1870.

As a young man he knocked about the Mediterranean on his father's ship, qualified as a master, and seems to have spent much of his time fishing people out of the sea—about sixteen in all. In 1833 the execution of a number of patriots made a profound impression on the young sailor, who sought out Mazzini (exiled in Marseilles) and joined the *Giovine Italia*. But revolutionary activities were in abeyance and, finding his name in a list of the proscribed who were to be "ignominiously executed," he sailed for South America. Here, in the intervals of trading, he supported the new republic of Rio Grande which had revolted from Portugal. The buccaneering exploits of the Republic's new admiral were not in themselves of much importance, but they were of the greatest value to Mazzini in Italy who never failed to make the most of them; and soon the young men in Genoa and Milan were singing:

Col braccio pugnerem d'un Garibaldi.

South America played a most important part in the liberation of Italy. It provided an admirable training ground for guerilla warfare; it created a leader who never failed to make the most of an opportunity, and a nucleus of fighting men, capable of the greatest endurance, who had an implicit belief in that leader. Mazzini was not slow to estimate the value of this small army and, by assiduous publicity, to make certain that, on its arrival in Italy, it would receive an enthusiastic welcome. In 1848 "General" Garibaldi and his redshirts landed in Nice.

There was work for them to do. Charles Albert was, rather half-heartedly, fighting the Austrians on the Lombard plain; and after Milan had been retaken by Radetsky he was forced to sign an armistice. But the Italian Legion considered it had been betrayed, and fought on for some time in the Alps until a vast superiority in men and material dispersed the *Garibaldini* over the frontier into Switzerland. The truth was that, while the national spirit was growing all over Italy, any prospect of combination was as yet out of the question. Garibaldi's main difficulty was to determine in what part of the country his sword would be of the greatest service. As Mr. Larg writes:

> There were many centres of revolution in Italy, so many that an agitator would apparently have no difficulty in choosing a field of activity. But in each of these centres the position was the same, made of the same ingredients and handled by the same kind of people. These minor conflagrations dotting the map of Italy resembled a glow of scattered forest fires faintly illuminating a general darkness.

The Book of the Hour

LIBERTY TO-DAY

by

C. E. M. JOAD

A New Defence of Liberty and Democracy.

2/6 net.

HUMAN STERILIZATION TO-DAY

by

C.B.S. HODSON,
F.L.S.

An explanation of what Sterilization means and an account of its practice in Europe and America.

Cloth, 1/- net. Paper Cover, 7d. net.

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

LONDON: WATTS & CO.,
JOHNSON'S COURT, FLEET STREET, E.C.4.

Copy of "The Literary Guide" (monthly; 3d.) with complete Catalogue, free to all applicants.

BARNEYS IN THE ARGENTINE

"...such an excellent cool, fresh smoke..."

Provincia de Salta, Argentine Republic

"Your Tobacco is the only pleasure I really have and look forward to in this country. I get my regular 5 tins of 4 ozs. each month, and I can really congratulate you on producing such an excellent, cool, fresh smoke."
"I have smoked it even when I made a trip up the Amazon, and it was as fresh and fragrant as one could possibly wish for; every man up there was astounded to see anyone smoking a pipe in such a climate, but this was easily explained by one word ★PUNCHBOWLE."

It does not seem so *very* long ago that we published, with pride, the testimony from a smoker in Bath . . . Barneys had reached *Somerset*—almost 300 miles from Edinburgh, its Home town! To-day Barneys encircles the Globe, largely because of the praise and recommendation of the men who smoke it.

Just try Barneys for yourself. Observe its beautiful condition in the patent *climate-defying* "EverFresh" Tin. No other method of packing Tobacco can ensure such freshness, and only Barneys is packed this way . . . Cool, long-lasting, even-burning and *Factory-fresh*, Barneys may bring to *you*, also, a deeper sense of pipe-joy than you ever before have known.

Barneys

BARNEYS IDEAL
In three strengths: 1/2d. oz.

★ Barneys *medium* suits the average smoker; Parsons Pleasure is *mild* . . . for gentler palates and for the beginner-with-the-pipe. Punchbowle is *full strength*, strong, cool and *deeply* satisfying, much favoured by the big men of Sport and Outdoors.

BARNEYS EMPIRE
"The best Empire yet"..10½d. oz.

Here is an Empire Mixture carrying on the Barneys tradition; blended with the same care and skill, packed as only John Sinclair Tobaccos are packed . . . yet sold at the price of ordinary Empire blends: a high-priced Mixture in most things *but* price.

(196) John Sinclair, Ltd., Bath Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

After many false starts Garibaldi arrived in time to organise the defence of Rome, and this undertaking marked another definite step in the history of the Risorgimento. While the issue of the seige could never have been in doubt, Oudinot met with a prolonged and courageous resistance—not from a professional army but from the Italian people; and this distinction, whatever the temporary result, made it clear that the day of foreign intervention in Italy was fast drawing to a close.

In his preface Mr. Larg writes:

> I formed the opinion that, while the seige of Rome may be taken as the high point or crisis of Garibaldi's life, the conquest of Sicily is less important (except from the historical point of view) than the tragedy of Aspromonte.

This was a most unfortunate decision, for it leaves the whole of the last portion of the book unbalanced. But one can sympathise easily enough with the author; surely no better account of the Sicilian expedition will ever be written than *Garibaldi And The Thousand*. Mr. Larg has, therefore, dealt with this campaign in a few pages; and has substituted for it a history of Garibaldi's intercourse with his friends. Mrs. Schwartz, a lady of cosmopolitan experience, descended—notebook in hand—on Caprera, and left with the delightful prospect in view of a trip to Sardinia with the General. But the "Cincinnatus of our age" wrote, almost immediately, to inform her that the idea was imprudent. It seems more likely not that the idea was imprudent but that it was displeasing to the great man's cook, Battistina, with whom he was living; and it is clear, too, that he preferred women of his own peasant strain, whom he understood, to ladies of fashion whom he did not. Mr. Larg has well told the grim story of his second marriage with Giuseppina, daughter of the Marquis Raimondi.

By substituting for the political activities of the third phase in Garibaldi's career a description of his personal relationships, Mr. Larg has destroyed the continuity of his biography and made it rather obscure; but he has succeeded, by this means, in drawing a more familiar portrait than he could otherwise have hoped for. The loss in historical interest is made good in biographical detail, but it is open to the objection that Garibaldi was not an important figure in a subjective sense. He represented an ideal which was realised for the mass of Italians but not for himself. His tragedy was to create a nation from which, as Mr. Larg notices, his own temperament and action excluded him. When, during the Franco-Prussian war, Victor Emmanuel became a citizen of Rome Garibaldi was not present. Yet no one, of a race that for centuries had forgotten Cicero's sublime expression, could have laid a better claim to that distinction.

RICHARD STRACHEY

One of these Gift Sets of
VITREOSIL
Flame-proof Lustre
COOKING WARE
will delight the heart of any woman.

More beautiful than the finest porcelain but as heat-proof as an iron saucepan.

British-made by
THE THERMAL SYNDICATE LTD.,
Vitreosil Works, WALLSEND-ON-TYNE
London Depot: Thermal House, Old Pye St., S.W.1

No. 1 set comprises: Pie Dish, 1 pint, Pie Dish, 2½ pints, Pie Dish, 2 pints, 3 Chromium-plated table stands - - - - **21/-**

No. 2 Set: Casserole, 2 pints, Dish Lid, 1 Chromium-plated table stand - - - - **15/-**

No. 3 Set: Soufflé Dish, 1 pint, Soufflé Dish, 2 pints, Soufflé Dish, 3 pints, 3 Chromium-plated table stands **25/-**

No. 4 Set: Fruit Dish, 1½ pints, Fruit Dish, 2½ pints, 2 Chromium-plated table stands **17/-**

No. 5 Set: Casserole, 1½ pints, Casserole, 2 pints, 1 Lid, which fits either Casserole, and which can also be used by itself as a shallow cooking dish, 1 Chromium-plated table stand, which fits any of the three dishes **21/-**

Each set securely packed in artistic box. Obtainable from Stores, China Dealers, Hardwaremen and Gas Companies. If any difficulty, please write the makers.

CLOTHES AND FURNITURE

Design in Modern Life. Edited by JOHN GLOAG. *Allen & Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

English Furniture. By JOHN GLOAG. *Black.* 7s. 6d.

Design in Modern Life is made up of ten chapters based on a series of broadcast talks by experts in various branches of the subject. This produces a rather patched effect which Mr. Gloag has not been able to mend. But treated as a series of allied essays, there is plenty of good matter to be found. Mr. Laver's essay on Clothes, Mr. Atkinson's on Public Buildings, and Mr. Maxwell Fry's on Design in the Countryside and the Town are all excellent, and the illustrations and charts are good.

There are two main impulses at work in the minds of these critics: to disentangle the present confusion back to the pre-industrial eighteenth century when buildings, furniture and utensils, each had a form both functional and beautiful in terms of the prevailing conditions; and to recreate standards for our time, not by copying the past, but by rediscovering basic principles of design and adapting them to the new conditions of life and the fresh materials at hand.

As the uncontrolled horrors of industrialism grew, art turned away to various forms of romantic and sentimental escape. The saddest result of all was that ugliness became taken for granted and art degraded to a kind of feeble and irrelevant trimming.

Happily at last there are visible signs, of which this book is one, of an awakening to the real possibilities of order, beauty and convenience which science and industry have released. The great orgy of nineteenth-century materialism continues into the morning of the twentieth, but some are awake with bad heads, busy trying to tidy up the emetic relics of the feast.

Still our housing schemes sprawl out their formless tentacles into the fields, still the divine right to muddle blocks nine-tenths of our constructive schemes and sows factories, garages and power stations with lavish and unsteady hand. Still the city clerk and the purveyor of asbestos tiles steal back each night to dream in a Baronial Hall or Olde Tudor Palace. The migration into the past goes on, but a small flight has begun into the future.

Mr. Laver has some interesting things to say on the peculiar way in which men, after peacocking it since savage times, suddenly left the business of dressing up to women. Aristocrats like to be conspicuous. The rising middle classes could not copy them with success and invented, particularly for men, the thing called Good Form as a way of putting aristocrats and dandies out of Court and making ostentation seem bad manners, vulgar or cranky. The same device is employed now with regard to learning by the invention of the term of abuse High Brow. The smoke-pall of the nineteenth century made dark clothes useful and brought into being detachable collars and cuffs which could be washed independently. Emancipated women emerged out of the home into the street, at which signal men retired into drab uniform. But none of this really explains why it happened. Perhaps men were alarmed about what women would do next and so decided to make beautiful clothes seem childish by going grim and trying to appear adult themselves. The subject opens up really interesting problems and exposes a mal-adjustment between the sexes which has not been put right. This book is altogether extremely enlightened and instructive and ought to be in the hands of teachers at every school and polytechnic.

English Furniture is an excellent historical survey of the subject by the editor of *Design in Modern Life* treated from a broad and humanistic standpoint. Mr. Gloag notes the parallel between the dropsical symptoms of bad taste which appeared under the patronage of the new rich in Elizabethan and Early Stuart furniture and the same thing arriving as education weakened and prosperity increased in the early nineteenth century. He stresses the relation of furniture to architectural taste and remarks that "furniture betrays us to our descendants in greater detail than architecture."

He deals at length with modern furniture and gives some good photographs. It is a pity this otherwise admirable book is marred by occasional outbreaks of ineffective facetiousness, and some black and white drawings of furniture and period rooms which achieve a rather unattractive Tottenham Court Road effect. Photographs of real pieces are much more informing.

A. P. D. PENROSE

PLAYING AT SOLDIERS

Authors-at-Arms: The Soldiering of Six Great Writers. By C. P. HAWKES. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

The aged antithesis of sword and pen, the inferiority complex which so frequently afflicts the latter, the respect we are inclined to feel for those who manage to combine the two—all suggest something interesting and hopeful in a theme like this. But the examples here are disappointing. Of the six, only one—Steele—was a real soldier, a professional—unless you include Coleridge, which would be absurd. Byron alone played an interesting part, and we already know about it: only he and Landor, the arch-amateurs, saw active service. Of the other four, only Coleridge was at all distinguished, even by incompetence; Steele, Gibbon and Scott might all have been dismissed, like Burns the exciseman, with the unexhilarating note: *Does pretty well.* And the interest lacking in their military exploits is not supplied by an exact description of their uniforms.

For Scott I think we actually blush a little; his least admirable side was brought out here—the painful anachronism of his cloak-and-dagger attitude to life, and his ungrateful tendency, in reverencing the sword, to blush for the instrument of his own greatness. Nor is Mr. Hawkes's description of him as the "chartered comedian" of the troop, however well-intentioned, a very tactful form of praise. Gibbon and Coleridge are more pleasant subjects. The brief dragooning of "Silas Tomkin Cumberback," the cherub caught in the net of a recruiting sergeant, top-heavy with his luminous wings, and at once radiant and ludicrous—what an enchanting, incredible episode it is! And Gibbon the Militiaman is just as good value in his different way. "My principal obligation to the Militia," he remarks, "was the making me an Englishman and a Soldier"—and the whole episode, impossible as it may seem, maintains that level. His patriotic enlistment, "without ever imagining that we should be called out"; his dismay at finding "when it was too late to retreat with honour," that he would have to go, actually as far as Exeter; his sufferings in this "wandering life of military servitude"—a grand phrase, worthy of a Napoleonic veteran; his remark that his temper was "insensibly soured" (*insensibly* soured!) "by the society of our rustic Officers"; his objection to the Southampton County Ball, which he did *not* attend—"for the same reason as carried so many people to it was what kept me away—*I mean the dancing*"—it is exquisite comedy from first to last, and Mr. Hawkes had only to leave the pen as far as possible in Gibbon's hand. But it is not war, of course. The book as a whole is slight, scrappy, only now and then amusing—and the author's drawings are a mistake.

K. JOHN

SHORTER NOTICE

Railway Engines of the World. By BRIAN REED. *Oxford University Press.* 3s. 6d.

Here is a sound and up-to-date book on railways. The text of about 150 pages is printed in beautifully clear type and there are some fifty or so pages of excellent photographic illustrations. No book on the subject could omit the "show" engines of the world, but, in addition, Mr. Reed includes in his little book much interesting material and information about goods and shunting engines and the less spectacular sides of railways, besides giving us the latest news and photographs of diesel engines, both English and foreign.

About Motoring

AN INSTRUCTOR ON NOVICES

A PERUSAL of the Highway Code suggests that the lamentable toll of the roads is due to a multitude of causes, rather than to any single, leading and formidable factor. This preface will protect me from misinterpretation. I have spent the last week

'INTENSELY, ENCHANTINGLY ALIVE'

THE MAN IN THE STONE HOUSE

BY ROSAMUND E. NESBIT BLAND

THE AUTHOR *is the daughter of the Fabian Essayist Hubert Bland ("Hubert" of the "Sunday Chronicle") and of E. Nesbit the famous writer of children's stories. She married Clifford Sharp, the original Editor of the "New Statesman."*

THE TIMES: "The figure of the child Monday Wallace is so intensely, enchantingly alive that every one of the many other characters lives through her, and her bodily and spiritual adventures are all that matter. Those adventures were of many kinds, covering a range of emotions that attain ecstasy at one end and sink to misery, disgust and loathing at the other. But with a true artistry Miss Bland resists the temptation that traps so many of the younger novelists, avoiding tragedy and at the same time the equally obvious snare of the sentimental."

L.CR. 8VO. 7s. 6d. NET. JACKET DESIGNED BY HANS FEIBUSCH.

Of all Booksellers and Libraries. Write for forthcoming books to

JOHN MILES, LTD., AMEN CORNER, LONDON, E.C.4

in the company of a professional teacher of driving, and he has converted one unbeliever in the necessity of driving tests as a preliminary to the issue of licences. He is at the moment engaged in teaching three novices. Novice A is a middle-aged married woman with an invalid husband. Their joint income is tiny, and until three weeks ago she always assumed that the ownership of a car would ever remain outside her ambit. Then a friend who was going abroad offered to sell an extremely aged and decrepit baby car for £10, and Novice A snapped it up, as a means of taking out her sick man. The instructor came to the rescue gratis, after the vendor had given Novice A a dozen friendly lessons, and he had come to recognise Novice A as a public menace. He loathes driving the car, which is extremely decrepit, has flabby brakes, and a terrible clutch, which only admits of two positions "in" and "out," and is always liable to stall the car in a restart. But for his friendly intervention Novice A would have taken her first solo and succeeding adventures in a state of tolerable ignorance, extreme clumsiness, and acute nervous tension. Thanks to him, Novice A is now moderately safe. He cannot conceive that she would have passed any official test, if she had entered on it minus his six hours of gratuitous instruction. Novice B is an older woman, a wealthy spinster, and a customer of the garage at which the instructor is employed. She is not mentally deficient, and realised that at her age driving ability would not be an instantaneous gift from heaven. So when she bought a new 1934 car of moderate horsepower and good make, she stipulated that she was to receive thirty driving lessons of half an hour each, charged at a specially reduced fee, seeing that she was buying a new car on which the firm pocketed a handsome commission. The directors of the garage were greatly concerned at her complete inefficiency after the thirty lessons were complete; and at the risk of offending a potentially remunerative client, they frankly told her that she was quite unfit to drive solo, and offered her a further series of driving lessons free of charge. She took this blunt information quite well, and submitted to several hours of additional practice; but in the end her patience expired, and despite their expostulations she drove the car away to her country cottage. On her second run she lost her head whilst attempting a simple gear-change, ran off the road, rammed a sizeable tree, and concertinaed her chassis. Deciding that the accident, from which she escaped with no personal injuries, was due to the complications of the standard gear-change, she bargained with the firm to allow her a certain sum for the wreckage, and bought from them another car with a preselector gear-change, on which she is now undergoing a fresh series of lessons. She is still as dangerous as ever she was, and in the opinion of the instructor and the suppliers of the car, she will never make a safe driver. One of her perilous habits is unusual. She is completely obsessed by the dread of killing a child, and if she perceives a child on the near pavement, she focuses her gaze on it to the exclusion of everything else, and swerves out madly to the off, to the infinite peril of any traffic approaching from the opposite direction. She seems mentally incapable of grasping the protective value of deceleration, and seeks to avoid danger solely by her steering wheel, instead of using the throttle and the brakes. This Novice B would probably never succeed in passing any Government driving test.

Novice C is in quite a different category. He is an elderly man, who has recently been invalided out of a post in the tropics, and is perfectly normal and capable. He has bought a small secondhand car in good condition, and his defect is a gay optimism. Apparently, he has always made short work of any problems confronting him, and he has rapidly succeeded in everything which he has taken up, from sport to the problems of empire. He disdained the notion of a course of lessons, and averred that he would pick up the handling of a car in no time at all, if a fellow from the garage drove him about for two or three days. He was eventually persuaded to accept a course of six half-hour lessons, during which he terrified a stolid and intrepid instructor past all description. One of his pleasant little habits was to forget all about the car when he sighted a friend in the road. He would blithely take a hand off the wheel, and wave cheerily, making friendly faces at his acquaintance when the other car drew level, and leaning out of the window to grin at him after he was past. Meanwhile his own car probably made a beeline for the nearside ditch, and was frantically rescued by the petrified instructor, who made a couple of hasty grabs, with one hand at the steering wheel, and with the other at the brake. Such incidents are rapidly forgotten, and Novice C is now driving alone. The garage meekly awaits a telephone call for its breakdown car. The tale of Novice D has a sequel full of comfort for the community. Novice D was a young and pretty widow, and the staff competed quite ferociously for the privilege of teaching her. She proved cautious and intelligent, displayed no recklessness, showed a pair of light hands, and rapidly mastered the art of handling a standard gear-change. She was encouraged to make her first solo at an early date, and survived it with consummate ease and considerable credit. A fortnight later she was seated in her car in the garage, and was about to drive it out broadside into a busy street, when she sighted a car approaching along her side of the street, so she stopped and waited. She made a second essay to drive out, when she sighted another car passing along the opposite side of the 20ft. fairway. This time, instead of putting a foot on the brake pedal, and another on the clutch, she got a little muddled, and operated one foot only, which she plunked heavily on the accelerator. She rammed the other car heavily at right angles, and pushed in the whole side of its expensive steel saloon body, whilst she telescoped the entire front of her own car, which at the present moment is some eighteen inches shorter from stem to stern than its designer ever intended it to be. The owner of the other car, the police and the crowd were so rude to her that she has decided to abandon a hobby which can involve one in such undignified fracas.

The moral of these four little tales is tolerably obvious.

R. E. DAVIDSON

A GOOD START TO EACH DAY

A comfortable shave means a good start to the day. If you find shaving a bore in the morning, give Parke-Davis Shaving Cream a trial. It really does soften the beard quickly and effectively, and yet protects the skin from irritation. The liberal seven-shave tube which we offer you free will prove it. Use the coupon and confirm our claims. Large tube 1/6. From all Chemists.

PARKE-DAVIS Shaving Cream

Made by the Makers of Euthymol Tooth Paste

EUTHYMOL (119/37) 50 Beak St., London, W.1
Please send FREE sample tube Shaving Cream

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(Use block letters please)

Week-end Competitions

No. 228

Set by Sylvia Lynd

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half-a-Guinea for an extract from a modern opera. The list of dramatis personae and an outline of the plot must be given, and the extract, which should be brief, must consist of a Recitative and Air (in rhyme) beginning:

"Now I shall be able to live within my income."

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, August 3rd.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The results of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 226

Set by Philip Jordan

In an endeavour to make other people do my work during this hot weather, I have asked a number of friends to suggest the ideal competition. None of them have done so. Why, therefore, should competitors not suggest one for me? What would be an ideal competition? For the purpose of securing some uniformity among entries, competitions which require either verse, poetry or songs for an answer are barred.

Report by Philip Jordan

We all have different types of ideal competitions—that is evident from the variety of suggestions with which I have had to cope during the week-end. Out of a very large entry, only two showed any similarity, so I was placed in the happy position of being able to judge according to my own inclinations, rather than by a consensus of competitive opinion. I at once ruled out the extremely erudite; those whose idea of a competition was not mine, and those whose entries were too long. In the latter category came Eumo, whose "And Now All This" suggestion is highly commended; and in the former Cassandra, for an entry which, while it might have been set by the more distinguished of my colleagues, was beyond me.

By Sunday evening I had reduced the possibles to eight. Then I went to bed with a headache. On Monday I eliminated Oisin, H. C. Riddell (who sent me three entries, which I consider most unkind of him), James Henderson, Frank Singleton (who wanted a *Times* and a *Daily Express* leader on "any event in history": he'd have got a prize if he'd definitely specified an event), Issachar, who would like to know what would have been written on The Tables of Stone had D. H. Lawrence been Moses (that's taking a great risk, I feel), and William Bliss, who sent in a charming and irrelevant entry in rhyme.

On Tuesday, I decided to recommend H. A. L. Cockerell for the first prize, although I consider his entry would have been improved had he confined the competition to Romeo and Juliet; and for the second, I recommend Margaret Macalister. It is true that the entries to her competition would require a great deal more space than the Editor could spare but, none the less, it is a competition that appeals to me; and as I said earlier, that is what influenced my judgment. I should like to enter both those competitions; and fairer than that I find it very hard to say!

The winning entries:

FIRST PRIZE

THE IDEAL COMPETITION

Prizes could be offered for a transcription, in the manner of Mr. Ernest Hemingway, of either the Romeo-Juliet dialogue in the Balcony Scene, or the Macbeth-Lady Macbeth dialogue after the Murder.

H. A. L. COCKERELL

SECOND PRIZE

A select library of ten volumes, suitable for:

(*a*) A fraudulent company promoter's prison cell (religious works excluded);
(*b*) A Youth Hostel (guide-books excluded);
(*c*) A librarian off duty;
(*d*) A dyspeptic lighthouse-keeper.

MARGARET MACALISTER

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 83.—THREE DICE

Calculus and Coot are playing dice. Calculus proposes a variation. "Let's each throw three dice," he suggests, "and multiply together the three numbers thrown. Then each player counts as his score the product of those numbers and the loser pays the difference in pounds."

"Can't afford that," says Coot. "Why, if you throw three sixes I may have to pay you £200 odd."

"Then here's a suggestion," says Calculus. "I'll throw first—on the basis I suggest—and, when I have thrown, either of us, on payment of £2 in cash, may elect to call the whole thing off."

"Right you are," says Coot.

Calculus throws a 5 and two 3s. Coot has first say as to whether he shall exercise the option. *Should he do so?*

PROBLEM 81.—THE TWO MAHARAJAHS

Let the M. of Kolindail have x sons.
Let the M. of Ejwar have y sons.
Then $x^7 - y^7 = 9, 176, 457$
Try $x - y = 3$.
Then $x^6 + x^5 y + x^4 y^2 + x^3 y^3 + x^2 y^4 + x y^5 + y^6$
$= 3, 058, 819 = N$

Now $(x - y)^6 = 729$
Then $N - (x - y)^6 = 3, 058, 090$
i.e., $7xy (x^2 - xy + y^2)^2 = 3, 058, 070$
i.e., $xy (x^2 - xy + y^2)^2 = 436, 870, = 70. 79. 79.$
Obviously $xy = 70$
$x^2 - xy - y^2 = 79$
satisfy this equation and are consistent with $x - y = 3$
Whence $x = 10$ $y = 7$.
Hence the M. of Kolindail has 10 sons
And the M. of Ejwar has 7 sons.

This would have been a better problem had logarithms not been invented. Most solvers seem to have had recourse to them, or to have arrived at the answer by guesswork.

PROBLEM 80.—THE PRESIDENT'S SALARY

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to L. S. Clarke, 6 Ford's Grove, London, N.21.

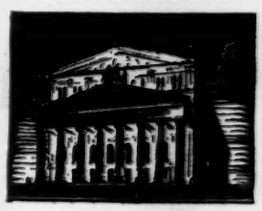
PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN



MOSCOW THEATRE FESTIVAL

SEPT. 1—10

3 WEEKS' TOUR from £26

Plays will be given at the most famous theatres, produced by Stanislavski, Meyerhold, Tairov, etc. The tour includes ordinary sightseeing as well as visits to the theatres.

SPECIAL TOUR VISITING THE NEW WHITE SEA-BALTIC CANAL

LEAVING LONDON AUGUST 11.

Many other interesting tours to U.S.S.R. —visiting Leningrad, the Volga, Kiev, Caucasus, etc., from £1 per day fully inclusive.

Enquiries to:

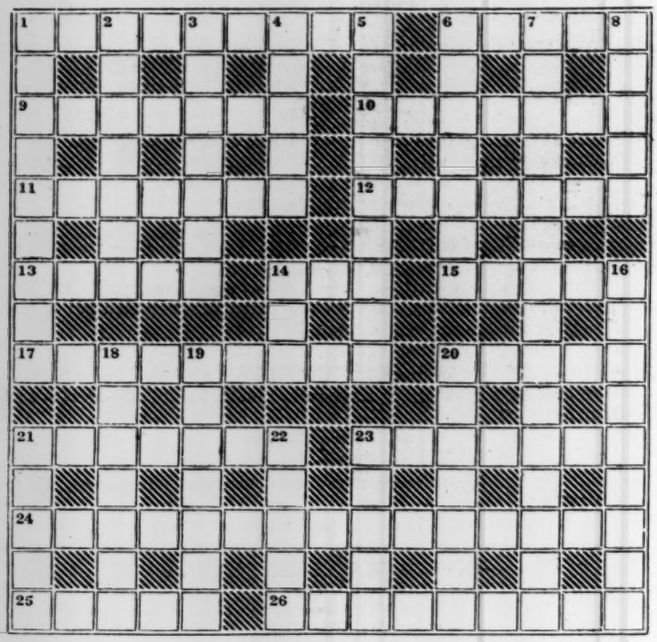
INTOURIST LTD.

Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

or any leading Agency

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 229

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The winner of last week's crossword is
Lt.-Col. P. R. Butler, D.S.O., Nether Wallop, Hants.

ACROSS

1. Its floral associates are often chained.
6. "And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as —— and cover to our bones."
9. Ovate description of recently placed foundation stone.
10. A suitable partner this be.
11. Revelations of a smile.
12. This cannot have been an exchange.
13. An order to go to the south-east for fat.
14. His end is chronicled with that of a dragon.
15. Segregation island.
17. Military "water carrier."
20. Can be spread on ice.
21. Cinderella's coachman was produced from this.
23. Where many people get into hot water.
24. Father Neptune usually appears for this sporting passage.
25. This may be ground at sea.
26. Rummaged in the dustbin.

DOWN

1. This animal sounds like a bow-legged bird.
2. A trace of a canal horse.
3. One may cross it "suitably" at the Court.
4. Justinian and Napoleon each left one of them.
5. Secures the leaves.
6. There's a moral in it, though it's hidden.
7. Seasonable illumination is not thunderous.
8. Yes, as you may find it a trial, it's written.
14. A Kipling policeman caught him in a mosquito net.
16. Exhibition bakery for sacerdotal use.
18. The prisoner in 21 across would no doubt like to find this result.
19. Goes more than half way with 6 to join the sun.
20. Proverbially meets itself.
21. A tatterdemalion fetched a compass about one of these.
22. 512 to a quarter.
23. Both a general and a statesman.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	B	A	T	H	B	U	N	S	■	C	O	M	I	C
C	■	M	■	O	■	N	■	H	■	A	■	A	■	U
R	E	A	C	T	E	D	■	E	M	P	E	R	O	R
E	■	Z	■	S	■	E	■	P	■	T	■	S	■	R
S	H	O	P	P	E	R	■	H	A	U	G	H	T	Y
C	■	N	■	U	■	T	■	E	■	R	■	A	■	■
E	N	S	O	R	■	H	O	R	S	E	P	L	A	Y
N	■	■	■	■	■	E	■	D	■	■	■	■	■	O
T	O	M	A	H	A	W	K	S	■	P	E	P	Y	S
■	■	I	■	I	■	E	■	C	■	I	■	E	■	E
C	A	M	O	R	R	A	■	R	E	C	L	A	I	M
O	■	I	■	S	■	T	■	O	■	O	■	S	■	I
U	N	C	O	U	T	H	■	O	U	T	L	A	S	T
N	■	R	■	T	■	E	■	K	■	E	■	N	■	E
T	H	Y	M	E	■	R	E	S	P	E	C	T	S	■

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

IDEAL BOILERS & RADIATORS
LIMITED.

Issue of 750,000 Five per Cent. Redeemable Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each at 20/6d. per share.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST for the above ISSUE will OPEN on TUESDAY, the 31st day of JULY, 1934.

The Prospectus will show (inter alia) that:—

1. The Company is acquiring from The National Radiator Company Limited, manufacturers of the well-known Ideal Boilers, Radiators and other heating accessories, the successful business established in 1894.
2. Part of the proceeds of the issue will be used for establishing an additional factory to develop new extensions of the business.
3. The nett profits of the business for the respective financial periods have been as set out hereunder:—

Year ended 31st December,		Year ended 31st December,	
1924	£185,772	1929	£313,171
1925	£187,689	1930	£211,740
1926	£196,853	1931	£205,691
1927	£210,296	1932	£157,329
1928	£255,496	1933	£196,576

Half-Year ended 30th June, 1934, £115,358.

4. The amount required to pay the annual dividend on the £1,000,000 Preference Shares is £50,000.

Prospectuses and Application Forms are now available from

Bankers:
MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED, AND BRANCHES

Solicitors:
CLIFFORD-TURNER & CO., 81 Gresham St., E.C.2
SLAUGHTER & MAY, 18 Austin Friars, E.C.2

Secretary & Registered Office:
CHARLES ERNEST KEAT, Ideal House, Great Marlborough St., W.1

Registrar & Transfer Office:
EDWARD HENRY MOFFATT, 1 Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, E.C.2
or the

Brokers to the Issue:
MYERS & COMPANY, 19 Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.2.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

COMEDY. The Private Road. Tues. & Fri.

DUCHESS. Laburnum Grove. Wed., Sat.

H'DROME. Mr. Whittington. Thurs. & Sat.

PALACE. Why Not To-night. Wed. & Th.

PHOENIX. Ten Minute Alibi. Thurs. & Sat.

ROYALTY. Podrecca's Piccoli. W., Th., S., 2.40.

S. MARTIN'S. The Wind & the Rain. Tu. & F.

SAVOY. Clive of India. Thurs. & Sat.

THEATRES

COMEDY. EVGS., 8.30. Mats., Tues., Fri., 2.30.
DOROTHY DICKSON & JOHN TILLEY in
THE PRIVATE ROAD.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243), 8.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
EDMUND GWENN in a New Comedy
LABURNUM GROVE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

HIPPODROME. (Ger. 3272).
Evgs., 8.30. Thurs. & Sats., 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in
"MR. WHITTINGTON."
Elsie Randolph, Fred Emney, William Kendall, etc.

PALACE, Cambridge Circus, Shafts. Ave. Ger. 6834.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Thurs., 2.30.
"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT" Last weeks.
Nelson Keys, Greta Nissen, Florence Desmond.

PHOENIX. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 8611.
TEN MINUTE ALIBI
by Anthony Armstrong.
"The Biggest Thrill in London."—*Daily Telegraph.*

ROYALTY. All seats bookable. (Ger. 7331).
Evgs., 8.40. Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.40.
PODRECCA'S PICCOLI,
World Famous Musical Marionette Players.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar. 1443 and 1444.
8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30. (Now in its 10th month).
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
CELIA JOHNSON. ROBERT HARRIS.

SAVOY. Evgs. 8.30. Mats., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
LESLIE BANKS in
CLIVE OF INDIA.
A PLAY of YOUTH, ADVENTURE, and ROMANCE

ART GALLERY

SUMMER EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS. Drawings and Sculpture by Modern Artists also Paintings by SUZANNE EISENDIECK. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. 10–6. Sat. 10–1.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TYPEWRITING
REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING, Technical MSS. and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel.: Holborn 6182.

AUTHORS' MSS., PLAYS, etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—MRS. BROOKER, 37 Belmont Road, St. Andrew's Park, Bristol.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, ETC
Authors' MSS. and Plays promptly executed.
ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked.
Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent.
PROMPT SERVICE BUREAU LIMITED.
6 Conduit Street, W.1. (Mayfair 3163/4.)

TYPEWRITING and Duplicating artistically carried out by well-educated staff. Personal checking by experts.—Details by post from the SECRETARY, 255 Cromwell Road, S.W.5.

TRANSLATION work taken, French and German, literary and scientific. Apply SECRETARY, 4 Falkner Square, Liverpool 8.

EXPERT TYPEWRITING, lowest prices, prompt service, reliable. Highly recommended. FRIEND, 97, Brudenell Road, S.W.17.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
ROBERT LYNEN in
"POIL DE CAROTTE"
and Clair's **"AN ITALIAN STRAW HAT."** (U)

EMPIRE, Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
CLARK GABLE MYRNA LOY
in **"MEN IN WHITE"**
with ELIZABETH ALLAN, JEAN HERSHOLT, etc.

EVERYMAN (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station).
KADETTEN (A)
JOHN GRIERSON'S **DRIFTERS** (U)
Silly Symphony and News.
Parking facilities. Seats Bookable by 'phone, Ham. 2285.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS
Welwyn (30 minutes King's Cross) is now the best place for Londoners. Situated in lovely country, it is a town of a most interesting character, built with all modern scientific and artistic skill to furnish the best possible environment for family life. It is reached quickly by a comfortable train journey. A modern house with 3 bedrooms, large living room, and excellent kitchen. Costs £525, with £7 ground rent, or £50 down and 23*s.* 3*d.* a week, including repayments and rates. Others are from £335 up to £2,300. Or you may rent from 17*s.* weekly to £125 a year. ABC Guide from N. S. HOWARD, Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

BLACKHEATH.—Period HOMES in the quiet seclusion of beautiful trees and lawns; well built in red brick and stone by eminent firm under Architect; extremely well placed for city men, 4 mins. station and 16 mins. Cannon Street, 18 mins. Charing Cross. Drawing and dining rooms (period bay windows and fireplaces), lounge, 4 bedrooms (built-in wardrobes in each), 2 bathrooms (tiled), cloakroom, storeroom and usual offices; central heating; parquet flooring; MODERN EQUIPMENT; "AGA" cooker; large old garden, with tennis lawn; from £1,995. Choice large old garden plots for buildings to requirements. VIEW ANY TIME.—THOMAS AND EDGE, Park Lodge, Blackheath Park, S.E.3.

FREEHOLD BARGAIN. House of character in green surroundings, overlooking private wooded park. On 2 floors only. Well proportioned rooms. Fitted basins, Ideal boiler. 18 mins. Charing Cross. 3 recep., 6 bedrms., and offices. £1,795 or offer. Priory Lodge, Love lane, Eliot Vale, Blackheath.

WEST FOLKESTONE (Sandgate). Unique houses in Spanish style. Newly built. White walls, arches and gables. Black wrought ironwork. Stone mantel pieces and staircase. Oak floors. Facing sea and few yards beach. 80 mins. Charing Cross (Folkestone Cent.). Designed by architect. Sunny drawing and dining rooms, 4 beds, kitchen (c.h.w.), bathrooms, etc., c.l. From £1,050. Smaller picturesque cottages from £500. View any time, West Lawn, the Esplanade, Sandgate, Kent.

HAYWARD'S HEATH, Sussex. For sale, detached freehold House £1,250. Liberal Mortgage. 4 Bed, 2 Rec., Garage CLEMENTS, 9 Lansdowne Court, Worthing.

BEACH Houses, Weybourne. Beautiful and unique holiday resort, quite on sea. Fishing, bathing, good accommodation, excellent cuisine. Applications D. L. HILDYARD, The Beach, Weybourne, Holt, Norfolk.

ATTRACTIVE small divan bedsitting room, 12*s.* 6*d.*; db'e room, 25*s.* 22 Belsize Ave., N.W.3. Prim. 1043.

RUSSELL SQUARE. Airy, self-contained furnished top flat to let now till mid-September. Three rooms (one 16ft. by 20ft.), kitchen and bathroom. Constant h.w., refrigerator, use of gardens. 3½ gns. weekly. Daily maid if desired. 'Phone Museum 4681 mornings.

20 MECKLENBURGH SQ., W.C.1. One or two rooms to let on 2nd floor furnished or unfurnished. Apply DIXON.

FURNISHED cottage in Bucks, elec. light and cooking, etc., main water., w.c., unspoiled country, 25*s.* a week, yearly tenancy. Apply as above.

CENTRAL LONDON, small, quiet room, trees; 'phone. 14*s.* to 16*s.* 15 Heathcote Street, W.C.1.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Town, Country and Abroad

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

KINGSLEY HOTEL.
NEAR the British Museum, Hart Street, W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 8*s.* 6*d.* per night. Illustrated Booklet, "London Old and New," on application.

WHERE to Stay in London.—THE LODGE, 1 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5*s.* a night or 30*s.* weekly (one night only 5*s.* 6*d.*). With dinner, 6*s.* 6*d.* or 2 guineas weekly.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3*d.* post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD.; P.R.H.A., LTD.
St. George's House,
193 Regent Street,
London, W.1.

CHELSEA.—Comfortable bed-sitting rooms with hot and cold water, gas fires and electric light; breakfasts, baths, attendance, from 27*s.* 6*d.*; double, 3 guineas, 6*s.* per night. Dinners optional.—Flexman House, 105 Oakley Street, S.W.3. Flaxman 7224.

THE West of Ireland, Achill Island, finest coast scenery in Western Europe. Ideal for walking and bathing. Eighteen hours from London. Constant hot water, 2 bathrooms. Weekly inclusive terms, £3. Mrs. BARRETT, Amethyst House Hotel, Keel, Achill.

WENSLEYDALE, near Aysgarth Falls. Guest House, suitable energetic or restful holidays. Garage, garden. Near Moors. Moderate terms.—MISS SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, Aysgarth, near Leyburn.

STEEP, Petersfield. Small holiday home; adults, children, foreign students. Beautiful district. MRS. RIVERS, Stonerdale.

HARROGATE. The Little Guest House, 7 St. Mark's Av. Quiet, mod. Const. hot water.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W. Bd. res., near sea, town. H. & C. water in bedrooms. Tariff: Mrs. Jones, Springfield, Arthur's Hill.

TORQUAY. Howden Court. Quiet central situation. Facing south and sea. Sun lounge, garden. H. and C. A.A. Telephone: 2807.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. H. and c. water all bedrooms. 'Phone 126.

BOURNEMOUTH, Loughtonhurst, West Cliff Gdns. Entirely vegetarian. H. & C. ALL bedrooms. Write MANAGER for inclusive Tariff.

OXFORD. The Castle Hotel has all the usual assets like hot and cold water and good food, but it also has individuality. Bed and breakfast, 8*s.*

THE OLD MILL,
West Harnham, SALISBURY.
Large countrified bedrooms with good attendance.
13th century Refectory.
A lovely garden and hardly a house in sight. Bathing and Boating. Three minutes by car from The Close. SONIA MOLDAWSKY, Violin, and DORIA GREY, Vocalist.
Terms from 2½ guineas a week.

OLD SUSSEX FARMHOUSE. Every comfort. Beautiful country. Walks. River fishing, etc. Descriptive folder on application. MIMS, Pythingdean, Pulborough, Sussex.

COTSWOLDS. Ideal Country; bracing. Board Residence. W. TROUGHTON, "Westwood," Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

BRETON VILLAGE. Journalist recommends comfortable house, 5 mins. sea. Secluded bathing, Garage, garden, h. and c. water. English spoken. Moderate. J. LE BIHAN, Villa la Rance, La Cornillais, Dinard, France.

It is rumoured

that the Fascist Minority Movement in Moscow is thinking of taking the Ground Floor and Front Basement below the new offices of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION; it is said with sinister motives!

Meanwhile this excellent accommodation, self-contained and about 1,500 square feet in all, is to be let and is particularly suitable for a Periodical, Trade Journal, Book Publisher, Bookseller, Stationer, or, maybe, a restaurant "that is different."

The building is very quietly situated in the north-west corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, yet is only a few yards from High Holborn. Ring Holborn 3216 or write MANAGER, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 GREAT TURNSTILE, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

BACK TO THE STERLING STANDARD OR TO GOLD?—EXCHANGE RATE POSSIBILITIES—THE GILT-EDGED BOOM—ENO

IT is always difficult to know what importance can be attached to Mr. Neville Chamberlain's pronouncements on financial questions. Does he make a careful use of his words, or does he merely drift with his thoughts? At the end of last week he stated, in reply to a question in the House of Commons, that he was ready to consider removing the embargo on foreign loans in the following cases:

(1) Sterling issues by a country within the sterling bloc, where the loan is required to increase the sterling assets of that country, and so to minimise fluctuations in the exchanges;

(2) Sterling issues on behalf of any borrower where the proceeds are calculated mainly to produce direct benefit to British industry.

* * *

Two interpretations can be placed on this pronouncement—the heroic and the banal. The heroic is that the British Government, in bellicose mood after its armament proposals, is declaring war against the gold standard or the gold bloc; that it intends, not only to refuse to support the gold currencies at their present parities, but to encourage desertions from the gold camp, that the sterling bloc is to become a permanent feature of the international money system and that Great Britain will go out of her way to consolidate the position of members of that bloc. It is even suggested that the Government (or is it Mr. Montagu Norman?) is contemplating the issue of a series of new stabilisation loans, after the pattern of the League of Nations loans, linking the weak currencies to sterling instead of gold. But, to me, this sounds too good to be true. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Chamberlain contemplated anything so dramatic as an attack on the gold bloc or on the gold standard. What is the advantage in inducing a few financially rickety governments to abandon gold by the promise of London market facilities? The financially strong governments, whose departure from the old gold parities would be of first-class importance, are not to be tempted by offers of sterling credits. I agree that Mr. Chamberlain's use of the words "sterling bloc" is surprising, for no official recognition of the existence of a sterling bloc has hitherto been allowed. But seeing that the Chancellor did not trouble to define these highly controversial words, I can only assume that he was lapsing into journalese. The banal explanation of his electrifying statement is that he merely intended to sanction foreign loans which would not upset the sterling exchanges or add to the troubles of the Exchange Equalisation Account. In other words, he may not have abandoned his old gold mentality and may still be thinking in terms of adverse balances of trade—not being aware that the British Empire has a favourable balance of trade with the world of around £80 millions.

* * *

Why, oh why, did not the Chancellor seize this opportunity of showing the world how it could return to a *sterling* standard? The conditions for monetary stabilisation, according to the British statement submitted to the London Economic Conference, are: (*a*) The adjustment of price levels to exchange rates; (*b*) The settlement of war debts; (*c*) The removal of trade barriers (which may or may not mean the lowering of tariffs); and (*d*) Co-operation between the Central Banks. This would be an excellent programme, provided it were related to *sterling* and not to gold. The gold standard may never be restored. I agree with Professor Cassel, who writes in the current bulletin of the Skandinaviska Bank: "When the world economy has fallen into such utter disorder as at present, it is not possible to establish an international monetary system with stable rates of exchange if we insist beforehand that this system shall represent the world economic equilibrium." The best way to attain world monetary stabilisation is to cement and widen the sterling area. This means that the sterling area must be officially proclaimed in language more precise than that used by Mr. Chamberlain in answer to a House of Commons question on a sleepy afternoon. Any country wishing to join the sterling area need only adopt a fixed rate of exchange on London and then maintain it on the assurance of Mr. Chamberlain that sterling credits will be put at its disposal. The provisional rate of exchange for a new entrant into the sterling area will not necessarily represent equilibrium in that country's economic relations with Great Britain, but equilibrium can be attained by the development of trade (i.e., freer trade). If Mr. Walter Elliot could only be brought to his economic senses, relatively free trade might be established within the sterling group. By these means we could re-establish the sterling standard. The sterling area is still being extended. Argentina was the last to join, and very little would persuade Germany to link up a depreciated mark with sterling. Allow the sterling standard to function smoothly for a time, and it will quickly be found that gold is not required even for the purposes of balancing international trade.

* * *

I do not wish to frighten holders of gold shares, for the more insecure life in Europe becomes, the more will nervous people run after gold and diamonds. At the moment, every Great Power is waiting for the other to make the first gold move. Great Britain will not stabilise until the gold bloc have been devalued. The United States will not come to its final devaluation point until Great Britain has shown her hand. As the "gold bloc" countries are governed for the most part by elderly gentlemen with obsolete financial notions, it seems likely that the decision to devalue will be taken in the streets where deflation is generally fought out. If eventually the Paris mob elects a Government which devalues the franc by 20 per cent., it is well to bear in mind that the Mint buying-price for one ounce of gold will be advanced from 526.243 to 657.80. francs, and that, if no change occurs in the sterling-dollar rate, the franc rate will move to 95.45 to the £, and the sterling price of gold will remain unchanged at 137*s.* 10*d.* per ounce. If, however, the return of French capital caused the franc-rate to move to 90 to the £, the sterling price of gold might be fixed on the franc, instead of the dollar, and the sterling price of gold would rise to 146*s.* This situation would probably cause President Roosevelt to push the devaluation of the dollar to the 50 per cent. limit, so that the dollar-rate could move to $5.66 to the £. Then the British Equalisation Account would sell sterling against dollars in an effort to bring the rate down. There is no end to this idiotic game, if gold is to be pursued as the basis of stabilisation. For the time being holders of gold shares may sleep peacefully in their beds. Their security is the innate folly of the human race.

* * *

While the storm over Central Europe is raging, it is pleasant to watch the market in British Government funds going from strength to strength. Not even the publication on Wednesday of the Labour Party's new programme could prevent some of the stocks advancing to new high records. According to the Actuaries Investment Index, long-term British Government securities now yield only 3.34 per cent. (Consols 2½ per cent. only £3 2*s.* 3*d.* per cent.). The experts are now busily discussing how much farther this advance can go. As there is no sign of any increase in trade demands for bank accommodation, the advance will surely go on as long as Great Britain operates a closed financial system off gold. When an economist like Mr. N. F. Hall suggests that British Government stocks are near their peak, because the Bank of England is bound sooner or later to revalue its stock of gold, because this will make possible the resumption of international lending, because this will lead to a rise in commodity prices, because this will call forth an increased supply of equity securities, and because the banks will reduce their investments in order to finance by advances a larger volume of trade at a higher level of prices, I would advise investors not to waste their time in so much make-believe.

* * *

I owe the deepest apologies to the proprietors of Eno Fruit Salt. No doubt because I had omitted to take my daily dose, I had become mentally confused, in writing the final paragraph last week, about the parentage of Mr. Can and Mr. Can't. Griffiths Hughes Proprietaries, whose prospectus I was criticising, are the proprietors of Kruschen, whose healthy and shapely girls have nothing whatever to do with Mr. Can and Mr. Can't. Mr. Can is, of course, the cheerful soul who, swallowing his daily dose of Eno, is on top of the world each day. I may, therefore, have been correct in stating that only "Mr. Cans" could have been associated with the introduction of 500,000 Griffith Hughes Proprietaries shares at a profit of some 17*s.* per share. I could really pay no greater testimonial to Eno than to confuse them with such a highly successful issue.

COMPANY MEETING.

FURNESS, WITHY & COMPANY

The 43rd annual general meeting of Furness, Withy and Co., Ltd., was held on Wednesday at Furness House, London, E.C.

Lord Essendon, who presided, said that it was with great regret that they had made the decision not to recommend the payment of any dividend on the ordinary share capital, more particularly as this was the first occasion for more than 40 years on which they had failed to pay an ordinary dividend, a record of which they had been most proud, and which consequently was broken with the greatest reluctance. At the same time, it was in the interests of the shareholders themselves that the company's resources should be conserved in view of the fact that the long-looked-for improvement in the shipping industry had not yet materialised, and the outlook remained uncertain. Their past record was the best possible justification of the conservative policy they had always pursued, and of which shareholders had had the benefit, but obviously such benefits could not continue indefinitely in the face of continued severe depression.

The profit for the year was £378,164, compared with last year's figure of £379,674. With the amount brought forward from the previous year there was a total available balance of £523,362. The usual half-yearly dividends on the preference share capital had been paid, and they proposed to transfer £300,000 to depreciation, leaving £166,174 to be carried forward. Their subsidiary and associated companies had contributed substantially to their profits, and on the whole had emerged from a difficult year with reasonably satisfactory results.

The Pacific trade to the United Kingdom had been disappointing. They had upwards of £2,000,000 capital employed in that trade in ships specially built for the service and partly owned by the company and partly by a subsidiary.

It was common knowledge that a section of the shipping industry had been compelled to seek assistance from the Government in the same way as many other industries had had to seek protection. The President of the Board of Trade had announced the Government's intention to set aside a sum of £2,000,000 primarily for the assistance of the tramp section of the industry. The grant was for one year, and it was left to the industry to prepare a scheme of administration for the approval of the Government, subject to certain guiding principles, the chief of which were that the grant was not to be dissipated in competition between British ships, and that it was to be used as a defence fund against subsidised competition. The industry was appreciative of the help which was thus offered, and would do its utmost to comply with the conditions imposed.

The report was unanimously adopted.

JUST PUBLISHED

Birth Control To-day

An Important new popular book by

Dr. Marie Stopes

Illustrated: pocket size. "Straight from the shoulder," bringing this vital subject right up to date in a novel manner. 5/- at all Booksellers.

BALE & DANIELSSON, W.1

HELP TO SAVE THOSE IN PERIL AT SEA

You yourself may never be called upon to effect a rescue at sea—yet can you forget that it is a part of the daily work of these heroic men?
Are you willing to help them in this magnificent work?
£250,000 is needed each year, but every penny will help. Send whatever you can afford.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer. LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

BUMPUS

HOLIDAYS — The best maps, guides and travel books for holidays at home or abroad are at Bumpus's, and everything for holiday reading, from the newest novels to cheap pocket editions, can be chosen easily.

BOOKS OF THE EMPIRE — An Exhibition of the Literature of the British Empire, including imaginative work by overseas authors; historical, economic and descriptive books; and maps and pictures.

Send for printed leaflet.

J. & E. BUMPUS, Ltd.
Booksellers to His Majesty the King.
350, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 3601

BOOKS

OPPORTUNITY for the Small Investor with *assured safety* and still earning

3½% TAX FREE
—no risk of depreciation

FOR INVESTMENT OR HOUSE PURCHASE
EQUITY ALWAYS STANDS FOR
A FAIR DEAL WITH SAFETY.

SHARES £20 fully paid or by subscription from 5/- monthly are available up to £50 (or higher for present shareholders). 3½ per cent. interest tax free, paid half-yearly on each completed £. Withdrawals at short notice. Investors' convenience studied.

Ask for Prospectus No 31.

EQUITY PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY
191A, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 5349.

THE CAMERA OF THE FUTURE
LISTS FREE
Phone Mayfair 0924567
WALLACE HEATON LTD.,
119, NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs:

One Year, post free	30s. 0d.
Six Months ,, ,,	15s. 0d.
Three ,, ,, ,,	7s. 6d.

All communications should be addressed:
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PARTNERSHIP

IN last week's "N.S. & N." appeared an advertisement offering accommodation below the office of this journal and "suitable for a Bookseller." The advertiser has seen the accommodation and is wanting to meet another reader, or perhaps two, who would put up some money with him to found a sort of "Statesman" bookshop, especially serving the requirements of the "N.S. & N." public. The accommodation might permit of a small restaurant also. Write Box 577, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (191a) Palace Gate, W.8.

LITERARY

IN The Matter of the late Mr. Oscar Wilde. Mr. Robert H. Sherard, having satisfactorily arranged for the publication by The Argus Books, 333 South Dearborn St., Chicago, of his Counterblast, entitled "OSCAR WILDE TWICE DEFENDED," has the honour to make public that he has, during the present boom of Andre Gide, moved to more accessible quarters, at 30 Culmington Rd., West Ealing, London, W.13, where the Vindex Publishing Co. of Calvi, Corsica, will be found ready to meet all comers, and where "Lord Alfred Douglas on André Gide," 2d., "Oscar Wilde in Algiers, 1895," 9d., and Oscar Wilde as a Swindler," 6d., can be had, post free.

LITERARY—continued

MAKE WRITING PAY. Premier School pupils are earning thousands of pounds. Free lesson and copyright subject chart from the Instructor. PREMIER SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM, 16 Brunswick Square, London, W.C.1.

AUTHORS. Established Publishing House requires MSS. for inclusion in coming Autumn Catalogue. Best terms submitted promptly for suitable work. Box 558, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BOOKPLATES. Heraldic and Pictorial, designed from £2 2s. Particulars from OSBORNE, 27 Eastcastle St., London, W.1.